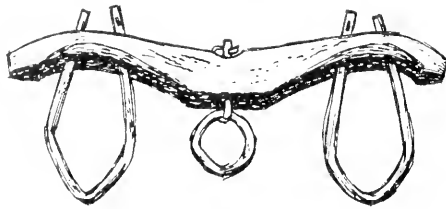




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THE PRÆSIDICIDE

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AND

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," ETC.

SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK:

HOWARD CHALLEN,

744 BROADWAY

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PREFACE.

THE scene of this poem, which is in the form of a Monologue, and is supposed to give the thoughts and feelings of Booth, before, at, and after the murder of the President, is laid in the barn amidst the swamps of Maryland, to which Booth made his escape after the assassination. I have striven to make available for poetical composition the most conspicuous events in the history of the conspiracy, down to the night when Booth and his associates set out on their errands of murder. Except in a few inconsiderable matters, necessary for the creation of a poem of this length, I have adhered to the same survey of the conspiracy as that taken by the government. My idea of Booth's character is founded on the descriptions given of him, by those who seem to have been best acquainted with him, and who represent him as a man high in his own conceit, proud, rash, boastful and prone to be quarrelsome, with little heed for anything except the gratification of his own whims and desires.

The title of this work, "Præsidicide," is a word of my own coining, taken from the Latin præsidens, a president, and cædo, to kill, and is not to be found in any dictionary published up to this date.

PALMYRA, NEW JERSEY.

November, 1865.

(3)

THE PRÆSIDICIDE.

I.

Dark, dark the night is closing in,
Fast falls the pelting rain,
And o'er the moors terrific roars
The driving hurricane.
And through the forests bleak and bare,
The tempests howl and moan,
As if the dead of the past were there,
Burst from earth with yell and groan.
A horrid, horrid, ghastly shriek
Of strange, unearthly tone,
Or wild infernal laugh, that thrills
Through nerve, and vein, and bone.
And comes a fierce tumultuous sound,
As is that mighty roar,
When foamy billows boil and bound,
Upon a hollow shore—
But the ocean coast is far aloof,
A hundred miles or more.
Aha! a lightning bolt has thrown,
Yon oak to earth amain.
And like a fallen king it lies,
Its limbs athwart the plain.
Like Titan of primeval growth,
In battle overthrown—
It falls, though storm, and fiery bolt,
A thousand years had known.
Ay, ay, like mortal man himself,
Slain on the lightning's path
Or panyon Idol tumbled prone
Beneath Jehovah's wrath,
All with lurid fire girdled,
And with a crashing sound,
In all its giant bulk and length,
'Tis thrown along the ground.
Deep and fast night's mirky mantle,
With tomb-like darkness falls,
While eagle unto eagle screams,
To vulture vulture calls.
The sheep within the far off fold

Raise oft a mournful cry,
And oft I hear the night hawks' scream
As round and round they fly,
Amidst the crashing reeling groves
I hear the croaking owl;
The ravens shriek, and far away
I hear the watch-dogs howl.
Ho! the demons of the tempest
Now ride abroad sublime—
In all their wildest terrors clothed,
As in some tropic clime.
Now flash the forked lightning bolts,
And loud the thunders boom,
The world a moment's light they give,
Then tumult and dense gloom.
There's a moment's pause, a silence
Awful, deep and dread.
As though the warring elements
Were now benumbed or dead.
They pause like fierce contending hosts
Upon a bloody heath,
When night has hidden shield and helm,
And spear, and sword, and sheath,
And all in moody silence halt
To catch a moment's breath,
Ere the columns close for aye—
In the awful grasp of death.
Now comes a trembling o'er the world,
As though the teeming earth
Were labouring with volcanic throes,
O'er some stupendous birth!
And lightnings flash and peal, as though
To rend earth's giant frame,
And strove to make the heavens wear
A zone of gleamy flame.
The tempests shriek, the torrents roar
In headlong fury by,
Oh, there is madness on the earth,
And anger in the sky!
And there is madness in my soul,
And horror in my mind,
Sorrow, Remorse and grim Despair,
All visit me combined.
For gnawing Hunger, Want and Pain,
Like coiling adders cling
Round all my throbbing, vital parts,
And pierce, and tear, and sting.
Despised and lone and trodden down,
Dark with the clouds of sin—

Savage and fierce and low and vile
 Is all the soul within—
 Nor can it e'er from grief and woe
 A moment's respite win.
 Ah, yes, I ever more must be
 As at this cursed time—
 A wreck cast on the shore of woe
 By blasts and waves of crime!
 Deep, deep each sound strikes in my soul
 That booms upon my ear,
 As though this awful night some fiend
 Would dash me down with fear.
 Was it a spirit of the dead,
 Or but the howling storm
 That shakes this damp and dismal field—
 That just now touched my form?
 I felt fingers passing through my hair,
 A hand upon my brow,
 A breath breathe on my burning cheek,—
 Aha, I feel them now!
 If you are indeed a spirit
 In form, and face like man—
 I will defy you to the last,
 So do the worst you can.
 Come, if you will, and do your worst
 While here I lie alone,
 While no mortal is nigh to hear
 My sad and frequent groan.
 Come, fiend or devil, what you are
 Your terrors round me cast;
 Bring all hell's ghastly spectres near,
 And call up all my past.
 But think not while on earth I stay,
 Though racked with mad despair—
 You have power to stay my thoughts,
 Or make me quail with fear.

II.

Ho! Ho! what form was that I saw,
 All clad in robes of white!
 That just now crossed this dismal floor—
 When came yon flash of light?
 Was it indeed a human form,
 Or spirit of the dead?
 His stature was tall and stately,
 And wide his shoulders spread,
 And his eyes they shone like fire,
 Yet noiseless was his tread.
 But I have seen that form before,
 And that bold open stare,
 Yea, a hundred times and more—

Just as I saw them there.
 They're the features and the form
 Of the noblest man on earth,
 More than Washington and Cæsar
 In glory and in worth.
 As noble and as good a man,
 As free from lust and crime,
 As ever trod this world of woe
 Through all the tide of time.
 A soul that no mean thought can touch
 Through joy, or sorrow dun,
 More than the lightning's fearful bolt
 Can strike the glowing sun.
 The man who never shunned a friend,
 Who felt for others woe,
 And ever ready to forgive
 His most inveterate foe.
 Yea, the generous and the kind.
 The bountious and the free,
 The open heart and hand, in joy,
 Or dark adversity,
 The man of all mankind—least
 Has ever injured me.
 His like the land shall see no more,
 He the wisest, noblest, best,
 Who stood midst the wise men of the land
 King-like, high o'er the rest.
 He whose constant prayer was peace,
 And for it strove like man—
 When Treason's hideous trumpet blared,
 And when the war began,
 He who held to the rebels all
 The olive branch in view,
 Who only sought to pardon them—
 Not force the vengeance due;
 Hail them with open hand and heart,
 With friendship warm and true,
 Bid war and desolation cease,
 And yet that man I slew.

III.

Ah! had I died long, long ago
 While in my early prime,
 Ah! wherefore was I ever born
 To grow so deep in crime?
 Why did I ne'er fall in battle
 When rushing with the brave,
 Or when a ship boy, in the deep
 Ne'er find an early grave?
 Why was I ne'er hurl'd off the mast?
 For there I loved to go

When thunders bellow'd over head,
 And billows roar'd below,
 Ay, then I'd sit and sing and laugh
 Till pass'd the storm away,
 While all the trembling crew below
 Had kneel'd in fear to pray.
 Oh ! had I lived an humble man
 Within some mountain glen ;
 Oh ! had I never roam'd this world
 And mix'd with sinful men
 I ne'er had done the horrid deed
 That causes all my woe,
 And makes me an outcast and felon,
 No matter where I go.
 No matter where on earth I tread
 Men will pursue my path ;
 And though I 'scape all human laws
 I can't God's burning wrath.

IV.

Ho ! Ho ! what noise is that without,
 That shakes this dismal field ?
 Lo ! 'tis the deepening storm, 's death !
 How dread that thunder peal'd.
 Ah would to God ! that yonder clouds,
 That red with lightnings glow,
 And with their awful thunders seem
 To rock the world below,
 Would now but bellow nearer me,
 And burst upon my head,
 And all thoughts of the past drive out,
 And leave me with the dead.
 Ah ! might one fell bolt from heaven,
 Come crashing through my frame—
 Send my spirit whirling aloft
 On wings of dazzling flame.
 Myself I now would stay with joy,
 And men forever shun ;
 But then an angry God I'd meet,
 With twice fold murder done.
 Oh ! could I wander forth alone
 To some strange savage land—
 That ne'er was trod by human foot,
 Or touched by human hand,
 Yea, thither would I fly with haste,
 Though racked with mad despair,
 And shun all human kind for aye,
 And all I once held dear,
 I'd hold my still communion
 Day and night with God alone,
 And with repentance and with prayer

For all my guilt atone,
 For I had sooner trust for mercy
 From the all righteous God—
 Than unto the kindest mortal,
 That e'er this world has trod.
 Nor could I ought of mercy crave
 From any mortal man,
 For I have warr'd 'gainst human kind
 Since first my life began.
 Ah yes, against my fellow kind
 My hand has always striven,
 Till now, when e'er they breathe my name—
 They quake and shudder at the same,
 As trees by lightning riven.
 Nor shall they e'er take me living
 To judge me for my crime,
 If but one bare chance be left me
 To end my earthly time.
 They ne'er shall try me for the deed
 By mortal code and rule,
 Man deals towards man by his own laws
 And acts just like a fool,
 And all are just as vile as I,
 As much the devil's tool.
 No, God alone shall be my judge,
 When at His throne on high,
 The murder'd and the murderer
 Shall meet before his eye.
 Ay, there I'll see the man I slew,
 And once more view his face,
 There hear my awful doom pronounced,
 Go to my appointed place.

V.

Oh God ! 'tis sad to sit and think
 On awful things like these,
 And know the soul must some day face
 The dread realities.
 The soul must some day give account
 Of all its deeds on earth,
 Yea, uncover every secret crime
 And thoughts that gave it birth.
 Man we may cheat, but never God,
 What He has will'd shall stand
 Through all eternity, upheld
 By His eternal hand ;
 And though I 'scape all human laws,
 And prosper here awhile,
 What mercy can I crave from God,
 Would He pardon one so vile ?
 Ah, it seems hard the soul should mourn,

Through everlasting time—
For deeds done in its earthly frame,
The body's acts of crime.
Say, has the immortal spirit—
That thing, we call man's soul,—
O'er deeds and actions of his flesh,
Such vast divine control?
If so, why do we always sin
From the hour of birth—
'Till we die and the spirit gives
The body to the earth?
I cannot tell, but this I think,
That if the soul of man—
When first unto this world it came,
And first its course began—
Own'd such light and power divine,
As priests and preachers say,
To keep its earthly form from sin,
And o'er it hold its sway
Myself had never sinn'd at all,
As through this life I trod,
And the best of men had held
A stricter walk with God.
I've done no deed in all my life,
That had a taint of sin—
But I felt deep remorse, and hoped
Forgiveness soon to win.
I never doubted from the first,
There was a God on high,
And if I be by him condemn'd,
Woe takes me, when I die.
Oft I've felt a something in me,
It must have been my soul,
Or some unseen divine agent
That o'er me held control.
I've felt it from the paths of sin,
Warn me many a time;
But flesh had greater sway, and the
Devil urged me on to crime.
So when I die, my spirit goes,
My God alone knows where,
Ah! must it mourn for all the sin,
Its mortal frame did here?
Ah! must it linger through all time
In everlasting woe,
Though it warr'd with its wayward flesh,
While here on earth below?
Will it not rise on wings of light?
Soar back to whence it sprung,
To whence began its light and life;
No more with anguish wrung!

Like the distant wandering comet
 When its far course is run,
 That homewards turns with light and joy
 And mingles with the sun!
 Yea, when it leaves its earthly home,
 Rejoicing to be free
 Aye from sin, is it doom'd alone
 To endless misery?
 When it departs and leaves its clay,
 We mortals see it not,
 We only know, that life has gone,
 And then proud man is what?
 A load of useless clay, that soon
 Grows hurtful to the view—
 And smell of all his fellow men—
 Ay, all he loved and knew.
 And soon in earth he's hid from sight,
 Turns to the dust we spurn,
 For out of dust alone we sprung,
 And to dust we shall return.
 And this is nature's mandate o'er us,
 That none shall shun below,
 Man from the dust of earth was form'd—
 And back to dust shall go.
 And though we cover o'er our dead
 With massive marble tombs,
 Heap rock on rock above the grave,
 Till high to heaven it looms.
 Yet soon the hand of time will wear
 The monument away,
 E'en as the mountains of the world
 Waste, crumble, and decay.
 With time each stately monument
 Shall be to ruin hurl'd,
 The grave wear down and scatter us
 Unto the moving world.
 The dead we cast into the sea,
 May sink to ocean's floor,
 But soon the waters carry them
 Unto some distant shore.
 There to moulder into dust,
 As all frail human things,
 Be scatter'd o'er creation wide
 Upon the tempest's wings.

VI.

Such is the end of mortals all—
 The coward and the brave;
 Ay, all alike must sink to dust,
 The peasant, king and slave.
 It is man's certain destiny,

Yet, when we look at him—
He seems so like a god in move,
And thought and form and limb,—
It seems strange, one so high and grand
Above all things on earth,
Should carry out the blackest crimes,
That e'er all hell gave birth.—
Look at man, from that mind of his,
What noble thoughts can shoot,
Yet he'll glory in deeds, that would
Disgrace the meanest brute.
Look at him, who could think but God
Made so wonderful a thing;
See the muscles, veins, nerves and bones,
That together move and spring.
Most complex, abstruse architecture
Is this form of man—
Of all the things, that God has placed
On earth's diurnal span.
Look at his orb of sight and see
How wonderful 'tis form'd,
How frail the veins by which it with
Life's crimson tide is warm'd;
Its arteries display the skill
Of Him, who made them so,
And bade the crimson floods send forth
New vigor as they flow.
Here, what a world of action moves
Within so small a span,
None, but the everlasting God
So grand a thing could plan.
And well his nervous system shows
How wonderful he's framed,
It through all time, the searching world's
Astonishment has claimed;
When harm'd it carries swift as light
The tidings to the brain—
From thence, through all his fearful form
The news is sent amain.
As lightning the intelligence
Is borne to every part,
With all the system swift it blends
And lifts the throbbing heart,
That heart whose valves and ventricles
So small and fragile seem,
Through which forever night and day
Flows life's warm crimson stream.
Look at each ganglia and see
How skilfully and grand—
The veins and arteries are placed
By the Eternal hand

And look on those frail Lacteals
That gather in the chyle,
From all that passes in their range,
A strange unseem'ly pile,
Life's nourishment they there distill
Forever and for aye,
Which through glands to the thoracic duct
Forever wends its way.
Help'd by small valves unto a vain
Soon sweeps the priceless flood—
Which swift within the heart is pour'd
And forms the living blood.
From thence unto the yielding lungs
The dark red torrent flows,
Soon cleansed and fill'd with oxygen—
Back to the heart it goes.
Then it sweeps through arteries
Life-sending through his form.
Giving vigor to every part—
Keeping it strong and warm.
Through arteries and capillaries
The heart its torrent sends,
Throughout his form, then back through veins
The living torrent wends.
And as the blood is flowing on
From and backward to the heart—
Both life and death are going on,
At every move and start :
For cells forever grow and die
As the blood rushes through
The arteries and veins, as one dies
Another forms anew,
These, with all atoms of the blood
Are downward pour'd amain—
To the distant renal-realm
Through many a winding drain ;
And there 'tis purified, the good
Unto the heart returns,
While all the foul unhealthy part
A spacious vault inurns.
So through some fair fertile realm
The waters sweep amain,
Forever flowing on and on
Eternal through each drain
Their virtues to the lands they give,
The forests bloom and grow,
Then others come while they rush on
To some abyss below.

VII.

Hell and devils ! what thoughts are these

For one so steep'd in crime?
 One who must bear the curse of man
 Until the end of time.
 Hell and fiends, what strange thoughts to fill
 The mind of one so low,
 What care I for spirit or for man
 In this my hour of woe?
 What care I if his arteries,
 Capillaries and veins,
 Be countless as the panting streams
 Of Basra's spacious plains?
 What care I how the crimson tide
 Throughout their winding flows?
 Or for its maker's fearful skill
 Each thew and sinew shows?
 For I have slain the noblest man
 That e'er the sun beam'd on,
 He, who in worth and honor's path
 A guiding meteor shone.
 Oh could I bring him back to life!
 Make him breathe and speak again—
 I'd die ten thousand deaths and
 Suffer years of woe and pain.
 Devil, why didst thou urge me on
 To deal the mortal blow?
 By God and man I now am cursed,
 Thou laughs at all my woe.
 Could the cry of lamentation
 Arouse him from his sleep,
 Would it set his pulse abounding
 'Twere mine to wail and weep.
 Oh! could I see him start to life
 And walk once more on earth,
 Ay, move as he was ever wont
 In light and joy and mirth.
 Oh God! it is an awful thing
 To shed life's sacred stream,
 To take the life God has given—
 What horror more extreme?
 Yet I have done the demon act,
 And did it foul and fell,
 Done it as reckless and as stern
 As fiercest fiend in hell.

VIII.

Men say the smallest planets of
 Creation's endless round,
 Are those that nearest to the sun
 Are ever to be found;
 And that through all revolving time
 They cling round him the while,

Rejoicing in his light and warmth
 And glowing in his smile.
 So it is with little children,
 They nearer are to God,
 Than those who live to sterner years
 On earth's sepulchral clod.
 And had I died when but a child,
 A little babe just born,
 I ne'er had drained sin's bitter cup,
 Nor worn a crown of thorn .
 I'd known no mental agony,
 Nor felt sin's scourging rod,
 But as I came I had returned—
 An angel to my God.
 And those, methinks, that God doth call
 Unto an early rest,
 Are those poor children of this world
 That are most truly blest.
 For some divine all wise design,
 He sends them here below
 But lets their mission cease on earth
 Ere they have felt its woe.
 As comets to the sun return,
 So back again to Him
 Their spirits go, and form His choir
 Of purest Seraphim.
 Holy, holy, grand, harmonious,
 Blissful, strong, sublime,
 Around His throne, their songs of praise
 Forever, ever chime.

IX.

Blow on ye winds forever blow
 O'er forest, moor and main,
 Ay, and howl and moan like demons
 In everlasting pain.
 Oh had I wings to mount the storm !
 And fly to some far isle,
 That is unknown to man, unknown
 To sun or morning's smile !
 There dwell unknown to God and man
 In everlasting gloom ;
 Unsought, forgot by both, and shun
 The murderer's awful doom ;
 Oh ! there I'd wander forth alone
 And care not where I go,
 For the fierce storms that there would moan
 Might sometimes drown my woe.
 And on that gloomy isle afar
 Where hurleys ever roar—
 Soon 'midst the storm should lie my form

In death to rise no more.
 Without a thought, without a wish,
 Without the power to sigh,
 Unburied on those savage moors
 This perished heart should lie.
 And with my form my soul should waste—
 Yea perish utterly,
 So that neither God nor man should
 E'er find a trace of me.

X.

Ah! wherefore should I longer live
 Oppress'd with woe and grief?
 For no power on earth could give
 My throbbing pains relief.
 At every weary step I take,
 At every move and turn,
 My broken limb is racking me,
 My temples throb and burn.
 Oh God! I do not fear to die,
 But oh! it makes me rave,
 To think I—the once proud and bold—
 Must fill a felon's grave.
 It chills the blood in every vein
 To think I—once renown'd—
 Should die a death of infamy,
 While thousands gaze around.
 Ah yes! methinks I see it now—
 The gallows dark and high,
 Me standing 'neath the hideous drop
 A felon doom'd to die.
 I feel the cord round my neck
 In atonement for my guilt,
 And hear voices shout, die felon
 For blood that thou has spilt.
 Ay, myself I now can fancy
 Within their grasp and power,
 Starved and chain'd and prisoned down,
 Within some dusky tower:
 And asking God to give me strength
 To burst my galling chain
 So I might 'gainst the gloomy walls
 Dash out my burning brain.
 Methinks I hear the laugh and shout—
 And hear the tramp of men,
 As hangmen come to bring me forth
 Out from the loathsome den.
 Ha! they should see no fear in me
 I'd walk with stalwart tread
 Upon the scaffold, and smiling
 Hold high my manly head.

And this all men should say of me
 When ceased my vital breath,
 "Though dark his soul with sin and crime
 'Twas face to face with death."

XI.

The time that I was born, why did
 Not death that instant come—
 With his dread all whelming power
 And smite me still and dumb?
 Why did the earth not 'neath me rend
 And yawning take me in!
 Since I was born, alone for woe,
 And heaven I ne'er shall win?
 Hark! did I dream? or did I hear
 A voice speak to me then?
 Just as that crash of thunder peal'd
 Throughout yon startled glen?
 Methinks it said thou fool be still,
 Why mutter o'er thy past?
 Cease madman, cease to howl and rave,
 Thy doom is coming fast.
 It was no dream, for now I see
 A form distinct and clear,
 But 'tis only a hell born fiend
 That comes to fright me here.
 And since it is a fiend that now
 Commands me to be still,
 I will not cease, and all me thoughts
 Shall wander as they will.
 I never fear'd a mortal foe,
 So shall not couch to him,
 Though he should rack me soul and form,
 Or tear me limb by limb.
 Hence, on your life you mocking fiend
 And jeer no more at me,
 Hence, fly to your accursed abode,
 Where only devils be.
 No shadowy fiend from hell like you—
 Hath strength or power to harm
 A mortal man, not half so much
 As a wasted cripple's arm.
 No, you are but vague empty air—
 A weak and feeble form,
 Driven from place to place o'er earth
 By every blast and storm.
 'Tis on such dreadful times as these
 At midnight's murky hour—
 The devil sends ye forth from hell;
 Think you I quail and cower
 Beneath your vile hideous stare?

By heaven no, hence, fly,
 I am mortal man, and all hell
 And devils I defy.
 Though you drive men onward to sin
 At some unguarded time,
 You mock them in their hour of woe
 And jeer them for the crime.
 But you this head and arm I'll lend
 To work your deeds no more,
 Stop, Ho! back, devils why in droves
 Do you now round me pour?
 Ho! away, leave me here alone,
 Hark, how they laugh and roar,
 See how they dance around me now
 And hold up human gore,
 Oh God! is it so? or do I dream?
 Or am I going wild?
 Upright stands my hair and it seems
 I tremble like a child.
 'Sdeath! huge icy drops form fast
 Upon my burning brow,
 A chill runs all my marrow through,
 All hell seems round me now.
 Is it only imagination
 That limns yon horrid things?
 Are they but visions of the night
 That come on fancy's wings
 To outcast sinful men like me?
 When they are rack'd with woe,
 Ay, torn in body and in mind,
 While fevers fiercest glow!
 It must be that, it must be that,
 At least I'll have it so.
 And though I hate to view my past
 My thoughts shall wander free,
 God has given to mortal man
 A power call'd memory—
 And with her I will fearless back
 And all my life review,
 Nor care if spectres come around
 How many or how few.
 Adown the vista of the past—
 One sad lingering look I'll cast—
 Ere I sink into the grave,
 For sure this night will be the last
 That I on earth shall rave.
 So blow ye tempests, howl and blow,
 This night know no control,
 And peal ye awful thunders peal,
 And boom from pole to pole.
 Be my companions on this night—

No human wretch is near,
 And while I mutter o'er my past
 Make music to my ear.

XII.

I remember, I remember,
 Though it is long ago,
 And yet it seems but yesterday
 Time comes and passes so,
 When early on one dewy morn
 With rifle and with hound,
 To hunt and spend the day in sport—
 Through mountain paths I wound.
 For still I've ever loved through life
 To hunt o'er fell and moor,
 To track unto his lair the wolf,
 Or meet the foamy boar.
 The dangers of the chase I loved
 Far more than aught on earth,
 It was my nature's drink and food
 Its glory and its mirth.
 What joy to climb the craggy fells,
 Breathe in the wholesome air,
 Look around, view those works of God
 So wondrous, grand and fair.
 There was the place indeed for man
 To lift his thoughts to God,
 See the works of the Almighty Hand
 No matter where he trod.
 And oft upon some lofty fell
 Or in some silent glen,
 In those days I worshipped God while
 Apart from other men.
 Yea, like the first of human kind
 Upon the grassy sod,
 Alone, with meek and humble mind
 I sent my thoughts to God.
 Perhaps propitious to my prayers
 He ne'er inclined His ear
 But that I'll in the future know
 When I at His throne appear.
 I yet have hope of mercy there,
 I'll trust Him for His grace,
 'Stead of all wrath and gloom, I yet
 May meet His smiling face.
 For surely He who made this world,
 And those that shine through space—
 Will pardon a repentant soul
 Not cast it from its race.

XIII.

Well, it was on that sunny morn

Long, long ago, as through
 Those well-known winding mountain paths
 My eager footsteps drew.
 An aged hoary man I met
 Beneath a cypress tree,
 Care-worn, and sad his features look'd,
 Although he smiled on me.
 But age had withered not his arm,
 Strong was his aged form,
 Though many years he show'd he'd braved
 Life's battle, toil and storm.
 Down o'er his ample swelling breast
 His locks were flowing free,
 And while I gazed on him I thought
 Of "Old Mortality."
 Upon his towering, stately head
 Nor hat, nor scarf he wore,
 And in his hand, all ghastly white
 A human skull he bore.
 Shortly I paused and gazed on him,—
 At length "old man" I said—
 "Wherefore dost thou sit alone, whither
 Have thy companions fled?
 Since they've all gone and left thee here,
 Arise and follow me,
 We'll chase the deer o'er hill and moor,
 And happy we shall be.
 For I always loved from a child
 To go with the gray and old,
 And oft to wend with them I've left
 The sprightly, young and bold.
 Left them in the hour of mirth
 The song and dance and play,
 So come old man and let us hunt,
 Together spend the day."
 The while I spake adown his cheek
 A tear in silence stole,
 He turn'd his head to hide the drop.
 On earth I saw it roll.
 Though since that hour years have pass'd
 I often think of him,
 For ne'er before nor since I've seen
 Such giant thews and limb.

XIV.

"Alas my son" the old man said,
 "I have no friends on earth,
 Into the grave all those have gone
 Who shared my bliss and mirth.
 They've gone and left me here behind
 A weary sad old man.

I'm left without a friend or foe
 The last of all my clan,
 There's not one living in the world
 I knew when life began.
 Hast thou ne'er noticed one lone leaf
 Clinging to its parent stem?
 Swinging with the branches to and fro
 When storms are writhing them,
 Though all the rest are scattered wide
 Across the moor and lea?
 Through all winter's storm and shower
 However rude it be—
 Still clinging to its parent limb
 That abandoned leaf we see;
 And that lone leaf where ever seen
 An emblem stands of me;
 'Tis sad indeed to see all die
 Thou lovest, fondest best,
 To see them drop off one by one
 To everlasting rest.
 And leave thee here, Tithonus-like,
 Upon life's rugged road,
 Tottering to a long made grave
 And eager for that abode,
 Longing and glad to follow them
 And ease life's weary load.
 Orpheus like I roam alone,
 Oft bitter tears will flow,
 And there's not one in all the world
 To ask my cause of woe.
 See'st thou this frail and hollow skull,
 That looks so white and beautiful?
 And yet so calm and cold?
 Oh! it is dearer far to me
 Than all earth's shining gold.
 Once in this hollow cavern dwelt
 A grand immortal soul,
 That shall in glory live and glow
 When earth is but a scroll,
 Whose each impassion'd thought and wish
 Had honor for its goal.
 A soul full of poetic fire—
 And energy divine,
 And of bright fancy and romance
 A rich, exhaustless mine,
 And here was fair charity
 And pure religion's shrine.
 These are the lips whose melody
 Is with me, round me yet,
 These are the lips whose sunny smile
 My heart shall ne'er forget.

These are the lips whose kindest breath
Was always breathed for me,
As hand in hand we journeyed on
Adown life's whirling sea.

These are the lips whose voice was heard
Like thunder o'er the world,

When freedom raised a cry of pain ;
His hand her flag unfurl'd —

And stemm'd the tyrants of the earth ;
Before his gory path

They trembling flew, as sparrows fly
The eagle's strength and wrath.

Nor ever yet in peace or shine
Or rolling battle tide—

Alone he stood, this stalwart form
Was ever at his side.

For we were brothers, and together
Into this world we came,

And both alike together grew
In spirit and in frame.

When years flew on, and time forced down
His body to the tomb,

He seem'd all like a giant still
In mind and strength and bloom.

When time and storm had wash'd away
The marble and the stones—

And all the mould that wrapt his clay,
I took his whiten'd bones

From out their lonely resting place,
And placed them in an urn ;

And while I roam upon the world
To earth they ne'er return.

And they shall go o'er earth with me
Be loved and honor'd still,

For while I have them in my arms
He seems those arms to fill.

Child, melancholy looks thy brow,
Does care thy spirit haunt ?

Does human sorrow blight and woe
Strive thy young soul to daunt ?

Has fortune gone and round thee cast
The murky fold of want ?

If so, grieve not, let not vain care
Youth's noble spirit tame,

Mourn not thy fate, 'tis mortal's lot,
And mine has been the same.

My child did ever woman's charms
Thy youthful soul beguile ?

Say, did she ever conquer thee
With all her sex's wile ?

Didst thou e'er feel o'er come and lost

Beneath her subtle smile ?

And did she make thee think her heart
Was wholly thine the while ?

Didst love the very air she breathed
And ground on which she trod ?

Yea, didst thou love and worship her
As thou shouldst only God ?

When she had won thy trusting heart
Did she ungrateful prove ?

And cast thee cruelly aside
With blighted hope and love ?

Ay, leave thee for another's love
Not half so warm as thine ?

After lifting all thy hopes so high—
Leave thee alone to pine ?

If that's been thy lot, grieve thou not,
Thy fate resembles mine.

Cast her forever from thy thoughts.
Why shouldst thou mourn for her ?

Turn to her, who will leave thee not,—
Be thou Wisdom's worshipper.

She, Goddess with the eye of light,
More bright than sun or star,

And brow serenest than the moon
Throned in heaven afar.

And more grand and fair than summer
With all its sweetest smiles,

When with heavenly charms it bursts
O'er Oriental isles.

Fairer than richest summer morns
Draped in all their light and bloom,

Where shines that brow of light and bliss—
Where it is not, all is gloom.

Her face is fairer than Aurora
Issuing from her caves,

And her form is fairer than Venus
Emerging from the waves ;

Fairer than the bow of heaven
When storms are darkling round,

Radiant as the priceless gem
'Midst Ganges' waters found.

With halo of eternal flame—
Fill'd with light and purity—

She shines upon her blazing throne
With her sister Memory.

Her words are sweeter than the streams
That flow from heaven's springs.

Purer than the golden drops of dew
That fall from seraph's wings—

When on radiant sabbath morns
Around the throne on high—

Their plumage quivers with delight
Before God's piercing eye.

Her words are everlasting gems
That glorify man's soul,

They're as the diamond grains of sand
That from God's chariot roll.

They are a fount of excellence
For ever flowing on,

Crowning hoary heads with lustre,
Making grand each one.

They win the youth who seeks for them
Bright glory and renown,

And place upon his youthful brows
Their everlasting crown.

They're a fount of holy essence,
True source of joy and health,

The rampart of man's sturdy strength,
His glory and his wealth.

They're sparks of eternity, flashing
From the windows of the skies,

Full of sanctity as the fumes
That from hallow'd incense rise.

Yea, breaths of immortality
Crowning, blessing man's lips,

And giving them a majesty
Death, woe, nor time eclipse.

They're chains of living gems, which
Truth and Memory hold,

Bright as the rays 'neath seraph's wings
'Midst heaven's suns unroll'd.

More precious are her words than all
The rubies of the world,

Than all the sparkling gems that down
By Goual's floods are hurl'd.

More worth than all the opals that
In Ophir's mountains glow,

More worth than all the shining pearls
That all the seas can show.

Strive thou for her, both day and night,
And do no other seek,

She will give lustre to thine eye,
And health unto thy cheek.

Strength she will give unto thy form,
And nerve and brace thine arm,

When thou 'rt tossed 'midst passion's storm,
She'll keep thee from all harm.

XV.

"Go walk with god-like Plato through

Fair Acedemus' grove;

With Aristotle, with Xenophon,

And with Seneca rove.
 Go thou and sit with Socrates
 Within his prison cell,
 And hear the wisest of mankind
 His truths eternal, tell.
 Ay, talk with Athens' noblest son,
 And tread the path he trod,
 Who lived in form and soul a man
 The image of his God.
 And on the page of Cicero
 Both truth and wisdom learn,
 And Homer read until thy soul
 With martial deeds shall burn.
 Go, walk through every path of life
 The same as Shakespeare trod,
 And with eternal Milton soar
 Unto the throne of God.
 Study the lives of men like these ;
 The mighty works they wrought,
 Learn and study them day and night,
 Drink in each noble thought—
 Until thy very inmost soul
 With equal ones is fraught.
 For they have been, and still shall be
 The glory of all time,
 Be honor'd and revered for aye
 In every age and clime.
 Their frame shall blaze as noon-day suns
 In everlasting prime,
 Like hoary Alps they'll ever stand
 Firm, solemn and sublime
 Around no bleeding captive slaves
 The clanking chains they bind,
 But everlasting links they tie
 Around the human mind.
 They raise the dark and grovelling soul
 To grand and noble things,
 Waft it to virtue's realm, refined
 As though on angel's wings.
 Learn, and be no whiten'd sepulchre
 All rottenness within,
 Lest God should cast thy soul away
 For infamy and sin
 Shun Atheist, Idolater,
 And only worship God,
 Fear only Him, and humble bow
 Beneath His chastening rod.
 Know he who follows God's commands,
 To Him his spirit weds,
 Is loved and honor'd through all time,
 And wisdom's pathway treads.

And he who is a foe to God
 Is to the world a ban,
 He ne'er can act a manly part,
 Or be true friend to man.

XVI.

'Tis strange indeed such thoughts as these
 Should come to haunt me now,
 Should fill the mind of one who did
 The darkest deed I trow—
 That ever yet was plann'd or done
 By any mortal man,
 Since Sol his beams o'er darkness roll'd
 And earth and sea began.
 Yes, I who like a coward crept—
 A coward vile and mean—
 Behind an unarm'd, fenceless man
 Unheard, unknown, unseen—
 And slew him there, oh murder foul!
 The fellest, basest kind,
 Dark as if I'd slain a cripple
 Who was deaf, dumb, and blind.
 Oh cruel and hard hearted beast!
 O dark in mind and soul!
 There is no fiercer fiend than I
 Within all hell's control.
 O memory! oh memory!
 Why this dabbling with the past?
 Oh God! my brain goes spinning round
 As a windmill in the blast.
 Oh lost! forever lost to all
 I once held fond and dear,
 There's not a friend 'mongst all I had
 Now dares to venture near.
 Friend did I say? not one have I,
 Not e'en the vile and low—
 Who help'd me plan and scheme the way
 To deal the mortal blow—
 That slew the noblest in the land,
 And turn'd its joy to woe,
 Ay, they would fly and shun me—
 No matter where I go.
 For there's an instinct felons have
 However steep'd in crime—
 Though they together murder plan
 And fix the awful time,
 Yet he whose heart is hard enough—
 And he whose nerve is strong—
 And takes on him the hellish task—
 The deed of blood and wrong—
 Though they applaud him long and loud—

And hail him dauntless man—
 And swear a bolder never faced
 The horrid battle van,
 Yet when the hellish deed is done,—
 When he has shed the gore—
 That instinct makes them fly from him,
 And shun him ever more.
 With horror they recoil from him,
 And tremble at his name,
 As men start from the anaconda's
 Jaws of fiery flame,
 And none need e'er be fools so blind
 To trust the faith of men—
 Who are so foul to murder plan,
 No matter where or when.
 No quaking moss is less secure,
 More treacherous, untrue,
 No huntsman more fell danger runs,
 Who treads the ice 'neath thawing suns,
 And unawares goes through.
 No matter what their rank or power—
 How high they stand at that dread hour—
 Or what their wealth or fame,
 When once the hellish deed is done
 They'll take no share of blame.
 Like shadows will they glide away,
 Nor lend a helping hand
 To free him from the law, alone
 He must for all the crime atone,
 And all the charge must stand.
 And if by chance the law should find
 The others in the plot—
 They'll all combine and falsely swear,
 Seem to prove innocence so clear—
 They mostly suffer not.
 On he who dared to strike the blow
 At their appointed time,
 They throw the blame and brand of all,
 He bears the heinous crime.

XVII.

I'd sooner trust the leaky bark
 To bear me safe to land—
 At midnight on the ocean dark—
 When storms are blowing loud and stark,
 Waves sweep towards rocky strand.
 Ay, sooner trust the tossing seas
 In a wreck 'midst the feeblest breeze,
 That ever yet did pour,
 Than trust to any men like these,
 No matter how they swore

To guard and shield me from all harm—
 When perils round me roll'd ;
 Them my arm or ear I'd lend no more
 For all earth's shining gold.
 They leave their champion and tool
 To suffer mourn and rue,
 And keep, and reap all benefits—
 If any shall accrue.

XVIII.

I've heard strange tales in early years—
 But never held them true,
 Aye, thought them idle foolish talk
 Amongst some aged few,
 'Bout spirits—who in forms of men
 Wander through this earth—
 Who often come to visit men
 In times of joy and mirth ;
 And talk with them as man with man
 And seem as man to them,
 Who strive to warn them 'gainst the paths
 The godly should contemn,
 Ay, warn them in a quiet way
 Against the paths of sin,
 And bid them strive above all things
 The love of God to win.
 And now methinks that strange old man
 I met beneath the tree,
 Was of that mysterious kind
 So strange he looked on me.
 I thought not then, but have so since
 He was no mortal man,
 For none but him I've ever seen
 Since first my life began—
 Who looked so noble and so grand,
 So lofty and serene,
 So king-like above all other men
 In action and in mien.
 And all the while he spake his eyes
 Were resting full on me,
 Blue as the azure skies were they
 And full of brilliancy.
 Plainly as on that sunny morn
 Methinks I see him now,
 As thus he spake to me, his hand
 Upon the skull's smooth brow.

XIX.

“Thou heir of immortality,
 And to a home in heaven,
 Why wouldst thou waste in sloth and ease,
 Perchance in foul debaucheries—

Powers thy God has given !
 Or loan'd to thee His child on earth !
 Wherefore waste thy precious time
 In folly's bower ! for folly
 Ever leadeth unto crime.
 Does thy spirit soar no higher
 Than grovelling joys of earth ?
 Pleasures that waste and die away
 The moment of their birth !
 And are not worth a thought from man—
 Weak, sinful though he be,
 Child, young and foolish as thou art—
 I've better thoughts of thee.
 Be not like him of old who hid
 His talent in the earth,
 Improve those, God has given thee,
 And give to others birth.

XX.

"Thou heir of immortality,
 And of a blissful world,
 From whence all death and woe are far
 Away forever hurl'd,
 Where saints and seraphs soar through light
 On dazzling wing unfurl'd,
 Where ever round the throne of God
 In sunny glory rolls—
 A ceaseless, countless, sainted throng
 Of everlasting souls,
 Can man with all his boasted might
 One grain of matter make ?
 Can he enlarge the earth one grain ?
 Or its foundations shake ?
 The leaf that trembles on the tree—
 And laughs unto the storm —
 Could all the energies of man
 A leaflet like it form ?
 These bones I hold that once were in
 A mighty human arm—
 That snapp'd the tyrant's chain as heroes
 Burst a wizard's charm,
 Are as far beyond the power
 Of man to make or form,
 As for him to lift the huge round world
 Or stop the roaring storm—
 The earth, the leaf, the bones, the storm,
 The grass upon the sod,
 Are all the grand high handy work
 Of the eternal God
 Who time created, say can man
 Take from the rolling year—
 Or add to it a moment's time ?

Or stop its swift career?
And yet how many lives of men
In idleness and sloth—
Forever waste and glide away;
I would indeed be loath
To waste an hour here, I know
It is an awful crime—
That God will sorely punish those
Who waste their earthly time.
So be thou up and doing, thy brain
As well as body feed,
Earth is full of things for man to learn,
And those who run may read.
Yea, earth is full of marvels strange,
Grand study for all men,
Those who strive to fathom them, God
Will shape them to their ken.
Lo! shells are vast on ocean's coast;
And every shape and hue.
Some round, some long, some large, some small,
Some purple, red and blue.
Yet 'mongst them all but one was found,
Yea, only one possessed
The pearl that swelled the merchant's store.
And glows on beauty's breast.
Treasures are many in the earth,
But not in every soil,
To seek for gold in every mould
Would be a fruitless toil.
Energy, courage, self-control,
True godliness of mind and soul,
Must be by him possessed—
Who would from wisdom's mine bring forth
One gem of such a priceless worth
That it shall aye be blessed.
By trials and delays his soul
Must ne'er be downward borne,
The gourd that in a night appeared
Lay dead on earth at morn.
Yon mountain oak whose sturdy strength
A thousand tempests proved.
Nor yet the livid lightning's bolt
Nor avalanche hath moved,
That stands like some bold sentinel
To guard its native clime,
And heeds no change as years sweep down
The avenue of time,
Around it on its parent soil
Ere it attained its prime
Ten thousand thousand poisons grew,
Crowned with blossoms of every hue,

And rotted down like crime.

XXI.

"I told thee that matter could not
 Be made by mortal man,
 To make one grain of it was far
 Beyond his wisdom's span.
 And now I say, that man cannot
 Destroy one atom here,
 Let him pluck yon leaf from its stem.
 And it to atoms tear.
 Mash, pound it up, then pass it through
 The furnace and the blast,
 Roll, mash the cinders in a bowl,
 And in the acids cast.
 Let it pass through fiery blast
 And mash it as he will,
 Though he may change it to the eye
 It is but matter still.
 And there's no atom on the world
 However frail and sear—
 That man can utterly destroy—
 The ruins still appear.
 Nor can he banish them from earth,
 As easy 'twere for him—
 To drag a comet from the sky,
 Or its pure brightness dim.
 Hark ! didst thou hear that cannon roar ?
 Its sound rung in my ear
 A moment's space, and now 'tis gone,
 Though it I no more hear,
 The sound is not destroyed on earth,
 As sound 'tisonward hurl'd,
 And 'twill ring till the end of time,
 And vibrate o'er the world.
 The sound of my voice, or the wave
 That bursts upon the shore—
 May die to us, but do not die,
 'Tis sound forever more.
 The smallest thing that crawls on earth
 Displays the fearful skill—
 Of Him who made and fashion'd it
 To please His holy will,
 So how dare mortal man stand forth
 In eye of earth and sky.
 And say there is no God, hark ! hark !
 From mountains vast and high,
 From leaf, and tree and storm, and sea
 From sun, and starry skies,
 A strong all pervading voice is heard—
 Like burst of hoarded thunders is each word—

And tells him, that he lies.

Through all creation's endless round
The might of God is shown,

He made, and nought can be destroy'd
But save by Him alone.

And e'en this world on which we move
That looks so grand and vast,

That is a rocky crust around
Huge seas of fire cast.

For men say, if forty miles we go—
Down through the crust we pass,

And there find all the world within
A molten seething mass.

The volcanos that to heaven
Their flames and ashes throw,

Are but the lofty chimneys of
Those burning wastes below.

Through them the roaring lava flies
In columns tall and fleet,

When the world within becomes surcharged
With matter and with heat.

And if God but free'd the atmosphere
That doth surround this globe

For five and forty miles in width,
(A pure bright azure robe)

Of all elements save oxygen,
No nitrogen leave there—

Huge earth would flash to flame and in
A moment disappear.

Yea, blaze and unto nothing go,
Be utterly destroy'd,

Without one mere slight atom left
Within the boundless void.

Such is the might of Him to whom
Nature wafts a ceaseless hymn,

He all created with a breath,
And all nature bows to Him.

XXII.

"Inhabitant of earth, go learn

Thy gracious maker's ways,
Go, look upon His mighty works

With wonder and with praise.
Go at midnight's solemn hour,

And gaze on heaven's face,
And look upon the countless stars

That glitter through all space
Each a world larger far than this

And fill'd with living souls,
Ever teeming with light and life

As on through space it rolls.

Long through the flight of ages past
Men deem'd those brilliant spheres—
But torches lit along the sky,
To cheer this world of theirs.
Only little petty candles
It pleased the gods to light,
So fair this world might seem to man
Through the hours of night,
But science has reveal'd to him
What Xenophanes taught—
Was but man's pride and ignorance,
Without one truthful thought.
And now he knows each is a world
Far larger than his own,
And far more bright and glorious
Than mortal yet hath known.
And this low world on which he moves,
And loves with all his heart,
Is a scarcely visible speck
On creation's mighty chart.
Science shall yet unfold to him
Truths mighty and sublime,
Truths that shall never fade away
From off the sands of time.
All experience is an arch
Through which gleams that untrod land,
Whose marge forever fades, and fades—
Though we climb to knowledge grand.
Man's mind to egotism tends
All through dark ignorance,
And the less and less he knows
Greater is his arrogance.
He thinks he has unravel'd all
Mysteries of the world,
Yet by science each day he sees
New truths from darkness hurl'd.
And all the truths he knows as yet
However great they be,
Are but small drops of water from
A rich exhaustless sea.
He knows not yet with all the light
That science has reveal'd—
Half the healing virtues that are in
The grasses of the field,
Nor half the glorious virtues
The trees and flowers yield.
Chemistry shall extract from them
Balms for all earthly pain,
For every fell disease that racks
And goads the human strain :
'Tis through long patience and through toil

Man will this knowledge gain,
 Who fathoms hidden truths must work
 With willing heart and brain.
 Yon field that waves with golden corn
 Was once a waste of oaks,
 And were a gloomy jungle still
 But for the axe-man's strokes.
 Those in this world's dark battle field,
 And bivouac of life,
 Would not be like dumb beasts toled forth,
 But heroes in the strife—
 Must be ever up and doing—
 With hearts for any fate,
 For ever moving on and on,
 Nor ever pause nor wait
 As slothful grovelling spirits do
 For hint, and sign, and nod,
 But aye hark unto the voice
 Of an onward, urging God.
 Those who start for human glory,
 For honor and renown,
 Must aye make, not wait for chances,
 Nor quake at fortune's frown
 And aye keep foremost in their soul
 This truth, no cross, no crown.
 They must snatch from Victory's hand
 The laurels when she's slow,
 Or hesitating where and when
 Those laurels to bestow,
 If a knot be tied so hard, they can't
 Unravel or undo—
 Like Alexander of old time
 They'll cut the knot in two.
 Like the mettled hounds of Actæon
 They must pursue the game—
 Not only where are beaten paths—
 But through thorns, and flood, and flame.
 Some there are whose powers of mind
 And energies of soul—
 Alone through vast difficulties
 Develop and unroll.
 The gold of their character is mixed
 'Midst quartz and granite vast,—
 Such an incorrigible growth—
 Which to release requires both
 The hammer and the blast.
 Like that small oceanic marvel
 Whose phosphorescent glow—
 Is only seen and cast at dark
 Upon the floods below—
 When they are lashed and driven by

The fury of the storm ;
 Ay, when the blast and hurricane
 Their tranquil state deform.
 Oft men have after knowledge sought
 While paths of woe they trod,
 While penury and want hung o'er them
 Like Timour's scourging rod.
 But who forsook her wholesome laws
 When smiling Fortune came,
 Sunk on a level with the brutes
 'Midst mirth, and folly's train.
 Like ships that safely ride the waves
 Through all the tempests shock,
 That loose their helms when seas are calm
 And split upon a rock.
 Had Lais lured Xenocrates
 To her voluptuous bed—
 He'd been baser than Demosthenes
 When he Chæroner fled.
 But Chalcedon's old sage stood charms
 Of woman and of gold—
 As firmly as the rock the waves
 That round it roar'd and roll'd.
 He stood sublime in retitude
 What e'er his trials were,
 To guide mankind on virtue's path
 Was all his thought and care.
 Be thou like him, where'er thou roamst,
 Where'er thy feeling flow—
 Be man and brother to the end—
 Compassionate the low.
 What mercies God has shown to thee
 Do thou to others show,
 Hide follies of thy fellow men
 And pity all their woe.
 And envy no man's earthly weal,
 For it no hate bestow,
 But let thy heart with love and zeal
 For other's welfare glow.
 Be brave as was Bellerophon
 When 'midst fell dangers tried,
 Bravely perils meet like him
 Though they hem thee far and wide,
 But be not haughty, proud, like him.
 Lest God hurl down thy pride.

XXIII.

"Behold, the sun is sinking fast
 Behind yon mountain grand,
 But he is only leaving us
 To light some other land.

And I too now must leave thee here
For weary thou must be,
Since I have keep thee here so long
To listen unto me.
But where I go thou canst not know
Perchance thou dost not care,
Perchance thou thinks, thou ne'er hast spent
A day like this so dear.
Unless thy mind is dull and slow
As Arar's sluggish stream,
Thou yet may'st live to see the time
Thou wouldst my voice esteem.
Farewell, we two shall meet no more
Beneath yon rolling sun,
No more on this earth our paths
Shall e'er together run.
But when alone thou art, away
From mirth and folly's smile—
Then give a thought to this old man
Who would thy soul beguile
From sin to virtue's hallow'd bower,
Think of me a little while !
Farewell, I will not keep thee more,—
Though I could tell thee things—
That would set all thy soul aglow
With grand imaginings,
But though we meet no more on earth,
Perchance in some bright sphere—
We journeying may meet again,
Afar from earthly care.
Then we'll look down on earth our
Mortal burial ground,
And smile at all the woes that did
Once our life surround.
For there's a cherished ancient creed
That in some solemn clime—
Away from sin, and death, and woe,
And from the grasp of time,
Soul and body shall unite again
In everlasting prime,
And we'll meet and know each other
Within that realm sublime.
And I trust when I'm call'd away
Unto that hallow'd shore—
Again to view those loved ones smiles
I see on earth no more.
And there forever with them dwell
Free from all taint of woe,
Fill'd with eternal spotless love
Nigh ready to o'erflow,
And hard methinks would be man's fate

Unless he finds it so,
And as the alchemists of yore
Unto the flames consigned—
The heterogeneous ore
To make the gold refined,
So with sorrow, toil and trials
While in this world of sin,
God purifies man's soul of dross
So it his smile may win.
And what's a few short days of grief
Here in this world below?
Compared to everlasting bliss
All mortals yet shall know.
They're not worth a thought and man's a fool
To growl and grumble so,
His heart to God so good and kind
Should ever thankful glow.
High on some glowing sphere we'll sit
And hear the solemn shock,
Loud as the hoarded thunder peals
That burst o'er Sinai's rock—
When God in awful greatness came—
And with such glory shone—
That not a mortal eye could look
That blazing mount upon;
And see this world to atoms torn—
And roll'd in floods of fire,
And 'midst the crashing elements
Here the Almighty's ire.
See it in His eternal hand
While fire roars and glows—
Crush'd as a little grain of sand,
And hear its dying throes.
While all the startled worlds on high
Shall trembling look below,
Shouting hosannas unto God—
To whom all praise must flow.
Oh! what a storm of prayer and praise
Shall be that day begun,
And never cease, but ever flow
To the Eternal One.
From all the myriad, myriad worlds
That live in boundless space,
And all the white wing'd sainted souls
Of every clime and race.
Keep thine eye on yon setting sun,
Move not thy gaze from him,
Until he sinks behind the hills,
Though he make thy vision dim—
His rays are nothing to the blaze
Thine eye shall yet behold—

When heaven's eternal splendors
Shall be afore thee roll'd"

XXIV.

I look'd 'till 'neath the hills the sun
In all his glory went,
And far along the startled sky
His glowing lustres sent.
Seldom I've seen so sweet an eve,
Balmy winds were piping shrill,
And rapidly the waters ran
Down the gorges of the hill.
Everything was bright and fair
And glowing to the eye,
All nature was basking there
Beneath the sunset dye.
But little time had I to gaze
Upon the scene around,
Or mark the bright effulgent blaze
With which the sky was crown'd.
For suddenly a flood of song
Came bursting on mine ears,
Sweet, and soft, and grand as music
From the eternal spheres.
Far away in a vale below
The music seem'd to be,
"Let's go, let's go," I said "and that
Enchanting singer see."
But no word in answer came,
Nor word, nor sound, nor tone,
Around in haste I turn'd and look'd
And found I was alone.
That mysterious man had gone
Whither, and when, I knew not,
Unheard, unseen he'd moved away
As a phantom from the spot.
Well I remember how my brain reel'd
When I found it so,
It seem'd the blood within my veins
That moment ceased to flow.
Up and down every winding gorge
My eager eyes I bent,
Viewed all the landscape o'er and o'er
In fear and wonderment.
Not one trace of him I saw,
Then did fear my soul appall,
For evenings mirky mantle
O'er the hills began to fall.
Down, down the craggy fells I rush'd,
Paused not for flood or linn,
Panting, throbbing with mortal fear

I strove the vale to win—
 Whence came those melting tones of song,
 The sweetest ever yet
 Where heard since earth and sea began,
 Or Light and Darkness met.

XXV.

I reach'd the vale and then I saw
 A maiden heavenly fair,
 Dark were her eyes and sheen as stars,
 And dark her flowing hair.
 Ne'er before so grand a being
 Upon this world has trod,
 Oh ! glorious and bright was she
 As spirit fresh from God.
 Her brow was fair as ocean's foam
 When heaving in its pride,
 Her cheeks were as the northern snows
 When with a sunset dyed.
 Adown her heaving breast of snow
 Her raven tresses stream'd,
 And 'tween her rosy lips her teeth
 As purest ivory gleam'd.
 Her step was soft and easy
 As the murmur of a song,
 Light as Flora's when she moves
 Her choicest flowers among.
 But how could mortal words essay
 One half her charms to paint,
 She queen o'er all in loveliness,
 In purity a saint.
 She pure and bright as any yet
 Who breathed a prayer to God,
 Sweet, kind and generous as e'er
 This world of woe have trod.
 Gentle, candid and serene was she—
 And knew no craft nor guile.
 A maiden with a seraph's heart,
 And with an angel's smile.
 Oh ! years had flown on lightning wings
 Since last I dared to speak —
 Or breathe one word to her, although
 She was as angel meek.
 For I thought of her as of a star—
 (So glowing bright she shone)
 That mortal kind might ne'er approach,
 But sometimes gaze upon.
 I never dream'd that I might dare
 To worship at her shrine,
 So years had roll'd away since last
 Her hand was clasped in mine.

I thought to let oblivion roll
 Its shades eternal o'er my soul,
 Not with her image shine.
 But 'gainst her image fair my mind
 Its doors would never close,
 And love the while lay sleeping there
 Like lightning in repose

XXVI.

She sang in sweet though mournful rhymes,
 Many sad tales of ancient times,
 Of love, and war, and woe,
 She sang of Agandecca's fall—
 That sunbeam of fierce Starno's hall
 Whom Fingal worship'd so ;
 That for her bright transcendent charms—
 He'd singly braved the world in arms,
 And died or won her smile ;
 Ay, braved for her the battle front,
 And like a rock had stood its brunt
 On stormy flood or isle.
 Sang how Leander perils braved
 'Midst waters wild and grim,
 And how the lovely Hero mourn'd,
 And wept and died for him.
 This is the love for me she cried
 Pure and for aye sincere,
 That knows no change what'er betide,
 All free from guile and fear,
 That death nor any mortal foe
 Can sully or divide ;
 That flows as doth the torrent flow
 Adown the mountain's side—
 Defying hottest suns that glow,
 And scorching, sultry winds that blow,
 By them unchanged undried ;
 And when closed o'er with ice and snow
 It rushes onward deep below—
 And cuts its channel wide.
 Love, constant as the polar beam
 Ever shining on serene—
 With one undying fadeless gleam,
 And like the glory rays that stream
 From Sol, aye warm and sheen,
 Though clouds awhile obscure their light—
 From our dim, weak mortal sight—
 Behind the mirky screen
 They glow with everlasting glare,
 Pure, endless and sublime,
 And feel no death or change what'er
 Through all the lapse of time.

XXVII.

Still her hair that maiden sang
 Until the moon's broad beam
 Arise, and all effulgent shine
 On hill, and marsh, and stream;
 Oh! beneath that calm silver light
 Thrice lovely did she seem.
 And brighter than the brightest star
 Her large dark eyes did gleam—
 Full of heavenly light and love.
 And over her snow white brow
 There pass'd a smile so sweet and calm
 Methinks I see it now—
 All holy light and purity—
 Emblem of the soul within.
 Free as the purest saint on high
 From taint of vice and sin.
 She seem'd like one of those bright Nymphs
 That in the days of old
 Were seen by folk and fairy young.
 Or on the moonlight wild:
 Though never was Nymph or Naiad one half
 So lovely to behold.

XXVIII.

Then fairest maid I thus began—
 That yet mine eye hath seen.
 Of all thou art the brightest one
 That e'er across my path hath run.
 Thou glow'st like the noonday sun
 All peerless and serene
 There's more of beauty and of grace
 About thy lovely form and face.
 Than crown'd the first of woman's race.
 She, who in Eden fell.
 If thee great Alla once could place
 Amongst his dark eyed Houri race
 Then wouldst their charms excel!
 Art thou indeed a mortal maid?
 Or some bright spirit sent
 From heaven, to this world below?
 For one short season lent
 To us poor weary mortals here.—
 To show what charms are blent
 Within that glowing world on high
 Where dwells no discontent?
 Thus I, she started up and turn'd.
 Surprised to find me there.
 Her eyes with anger flash'd and burn'd
 Without one sign of fear.

With burning eye and burning heart
 I gazed at her snowy hair,
 And leaning o'er her lovely head
 I said in accents dear

XXX.

—Glorious being thou art!
 Let me behold again that smile
 I greet it as some heavenly shew
 Sent to poor mortal man below
 A type of those we yet shall see
 Beyond this world of misery
 Enthroned on seraphic bows with
 To God and all the saints above
 Heavenly heirs of life

XXXI.

Thou fairest being of the world
 That man hath seen or yet shall see
 With lips like morning-glories mild
 When sparkling with heavenly dew
 Beneath the rising sun's bright beam
 And eyes more lustrous than the dew
 Than those that girdle Aëdon
 When all the flowers kneel in prayer
 And with a face more beautiful
 Than all the rainbow's glowing hues.
 Compared to the low lin and lin
 Are these grand stars the poet stars
 When all is with bright harmonies
 He lies him down to slumber hours
 And sees them come in dancing wings
 With every ray of heaven's beams
 Thy bellows, heaven-like harmonies
 Thy voice the very soul of song
 Have wrapt my heart in ecstasies
 And in its sweet untried throng
 Oh could I ever gaze on thee
 And ever bask beneath thy smile
 And listen to such harmony
 'T would every earthly soul beguile
 Oh thou gentlest, loveliest one
 That ever human eye did greet
 The frail flowers thou treadst upon
 Rise up and bloom about my feet
 Each seems to smother near its head—
 Rejoicing at thy presence sweet
 Courting again thy airy tread
 They seem to bow thy foot to meet
 They know thou art all light and love
 Fairer than the queen of flowers.

And harmless as the gentlest dove
 That erst dwelt in Eden's bowers.
 And I bend the knee before thee
 With heart as faithful true and fond,
 As ever roam'd o'er land or sea,
 Or bound in Hymen's holy bond.
 Oh! my dear and gentle maiden
 Could I find words so thou might see—
 How my heart and soul are laden
 With pure undying love for thee—
 Thy smile would ever glow for him,
 Who humbly bows before thee here,
 Thou wouldst face perils dark and grim
 To share his earthly bliss or care.
 And in my soul that love I'll keep.
 And though I die 'twill burn on still,
 Strong as the winds of heaven sweep
 O'er ocean, forest, moor, and hill.
 And each glowing smile thou hast shed
 My memory shall ne'er forget,
 But dwell in it when ocean's bed
 No longer with its floods is wet.
 Start not—I'd harm no hair of thy head,
 Nor do a thing to make thee fret,
 We've met before, but years have sped
 On lightning wings since last we met,
 If thou'lt recall a time, long since fled,
 Me perchance, thou mayst remember yet.
 But oh dear maid! one thing I seek,
 'Twill bind and soothe life's shatter'd cords.
 Pardon me, if too plain I speak
 Nor be thou angry with my words.
 Thou look'st so gentle good and kind
 I'll breathe out all my soul to thee,
 And what I seek, here let me find
 In her, to whom I bend the knee.

XXXI.

"I seek a fair and gentle form,
 A heart from strife and discord free,
 A spirit loving true and warm
 To journey on through life with me,
 I seek a kind and constant friend
 Who Death alone from me can tear,
 Who in affliction's hour will lend
 A helping hand to soothe my care.
 I seek a friend whose gentle voice
 Can cheer me through life's vale of tears,
 By whose side I ever can rejoice
 Through youth and through all my old years.
 I seek a friend within whose eye

An ever equal love I'll see,
 Who can all earthly care defy
 And ever joyous lean on me.
 I seek a pure and saintly guide
 To lead me to that bless'd shore —
 Where doubt nor death, nor woes abide,
 And spirits meet to part no more.
 And thou sweetest, loveliest soul
 That ever look'd through human eyes,
 Assume o'er me thy mild control,
 For thee my inmost being sighs,
 Ah, be thou my soothing angel!
 Forever by my side through life,
 I'll shield thee from all sorrows fell
 As we journey through this world of strife.
 Let's hand in hand together go,
 And be each other's comforter—
 Down life's dark vale of care and woe,
 Yea, be each others worshipper."

XXXII.

Silent and still was she I trow,
 And gazed on earth the while,
 But oft upon her snowy brow
 I mark'd a passing smile.
 Then rising upward like a queen
 From off a stately throne,
 Glowing with majesty serene
 As earth before had never seen
 And never but that time hath been
 Save in heaven alone;
 All like an angel in her mein
 (The grandest ever known)
 Towards me awhile she deign'd to lean
 Raising her hand as though to screen
 Those eyes so wondrous dark and sheen,—
 And with unfaltering tone—
 Stepping backward on the green,
 She said "Thou man begone.
 Begone, haste fly thee hence from me,
 No more thy nonsense tell,
 Thou art some madman just set free—
 Or broke from prison cell."
 Then swift and graceful as a fawn—
 Scared by the shadows of the dawn,
 Or of the close of day—
 That suddenly 'loag its path are drawn,
 So down the sweet flowery lawn
 She 'gan to wend her way.

XXXIII.

Had some angelic spirit come
 To this vain world below,
 And borne me up on wings of light
 From all my care and woe;
 And placed me on some gaudy throne
 Where I could look around—
 As king of ocean, earth and man,
 Where I could hear the sound—
 By night and day of ceaseless song—
 Pour'd forth from many a voice,
 And told me that they sang my praise,
 And bade me long rejoice.
 Told me that I was high above
 All death and woe and sin,
 That I had won each peerless wish
 The soul e'er sought to win;
 That mine was the priceless dower
 Of rest and hope within,
 And when my soul was wrapped in bliss,
 And extacy divine,
 While joy tingling ran through every
 Nerve, pulse, and vein of mine,
 He had said thou fool, and hurl'd me
 To the abyss below,
 And left me with a smile of scorn
 In agony and woe,
 I had not felt more deeply grieved
 Than when I saw her go!

XXXIV.

"Stay, stay, all hastily I cried—
 Alone thou shalt not go,
 With thee sweet maid I'll wend, let
 Cause me weal or fellest woe.
 Grasping her snowy hand in mine
 I gazed into her eyes,
 That glow'd with grand astonishment,
 With terror and surprise.
 Away with all this fear I said,
 No harm can thee befall,
 As safely here thou 'bidest with me
 As in some guarded hall.
 Maiden hast thou forgotten him,
 Who on one stormy day
 Drag'd thee from yon roaring stream, when
 Thou in it helpless lay?
 Say rememberest thou not him
 Who rescued thee from death?
 Who saved thee from yon flood when thou
 Wert almost void of breath?
 And bore thee in his trembling arms

Unto thy hoary sire?
 And watch'd o'er thee until he saw
 All signs of death retire.
 And he who rushed to save thee then
 From yonder roaring linn,
 Would any danger brave with joy
 So he thy smile might win.
 Nor think thee, he who saved thee once
 Would dream to harm thee now,
 So let all fear be gone, let joy
 Again light up thy brow.
 And pause one moment more sweet maid,
 But do not tremble so,
 I wish to prove that I am he
 Then thou art free to go.

XXXV.

"It was beneath yon stately oak
 That waves its branches there,
 That overlooks yon torrent strong,
 Yon waters deep and clear,
 I sat that day, waiting my hounds
 To start some fawn or deer;
 I heard a splashing in the stream,
 And shriek of wild despair;
 And turning round my gaze, I saw
 Upon that torrent strong—
 A frail slender bark by the tide
 Borne rapidly along.
 And in it sat a female child
 Divinely bright and fair,
 Who strove against that torrent fierce
 Her little bark to steer.
 I watch'd her till the torrent bore
 Her towards yon waterfall,
 I saw her bark then driven o'er,
 That bark so frail and small;
 And saw the waters round it roar
 In surges white and tall,
 Made fierce with rains that then did pour,
 And by the autumn squall.
 And, struggling through the froth and foam
 I saw the maid again,
 I heard one wild piteous scream
 That thrill'd my soul with pain.
 All pass'd before me like a dream
 That flashes through the brain;
 I plung'd me in the roaring stream
 And swam to her again.
 One arm around her form I cast,
 And with the other strove

To bear her from those surges vast,—
 That down like demons drove,
 Foaming beneath the furious blast
 Drowning swift that little dove.
 Oh God ! it seem'd all hope was past
 Methought I saw her breathe her last,
 When towards yon shallow cove—
 One long desperate stroke I made
 With all that energy—
 Fell Terror brings the wretch to aid—
 And some how sets him free—
 Though dangers be around him laid
 In maddening agony.
 Then grasp'd the branches of a tree
 That did o'er the flood incline,
 Soon hope revived and bounded free.
 Through all this frame of mine,
 For soon upon the solid ground
 I laid her help'less form,
 Shield'd her from that blast profound,
 From all that rain and storm,
 Until I felt her pulse rebound,
 And felt her heart grow warm.
 No more dear maid I need to tell,
 The rest thou may'st remember well;
 From death I saved those charms,
 And then bore thee adown yon dell
 Unto thy sire's arms.

XXXVI.

"But since that half forgotten time,
 That day of joy and tears,
 And this eve so lovely and sublime
 There's a broad span of years.
 And many changes too have flown
 O'er earth's diurnal span,
 Thou hast a lovely maiden grown,
 And I a bearded man.
 Never from that hour till this
 Has thou e'er gazed on me,
 But it has been my secret bliss
 To sometimes gaze on thee.
 And all unseen, unknown by thee
 I've watch'd thee blooming here,
 Watch'd thee fond and tenderly,
 But never ventured near.
 Watch'd thee as some fair stately tree
 Within some glowing scene,
 Aye crown'd with fountains fresh and free,
 And with eternal green.
 And like that tree I've seen thee grow

To loveliness sublime,
 And long I've watch'd thee bloom and glow
 In fair and glorious prime.
 But still I've kept aloof from thee.
 And view'd thee from afar.
 With all that homage pure and true
 The Indian pays the star,
 Watch'd thee fondly as Elisha view'd
 Elijah's burning car.
 I deem'd thee best of human kind,
 And such I know thou art,
 Yea, thou art far above them all
 As sun and earth apart.
 As the flower that blooms beside
 The crater's burning lips,
 And beautifies the gloomy waste
 That down in darkness dips,
 So on this world thou seemst to me,
 Nor shall time one charm eclipse.
 So be not angry with me love
 When unto thee I say,
 I loved thee so I could no more
 From thy sweet presence stay.
 Thy delicious, dream-like harmonies
 Enticed me here this eve,
 And ere we part one pitying smile
 Let me from thee receive."

XXXVII.

The while I spake her lovely eyes
 Were beaming full on me,
 Oft they flash'd with queenly pride.
 Then shone mild and tenderly.
 And when I ceased, with low sweet voice
 She said—"Art thou indeed
 That little boy who rescued me,
 When like a helpless reed—
 I was dash'd along in yonder stream
 With all its fearful speed?
 Who dangers braved for me and saved
 Me in that time of need?
 I've wonder'd what became of him,
 And where on earth he trod.
 Oft for his welfare have I pray'd
 When prayers I breathed to God.
 But I have always pictured him
 As at that time he seem'd.
 A beardless, heroic, stalwart boy,
 Whose eye with courage beam'd.
 Scarce can I recognize in thee
 That boy of by gone days,

Save in the easy dauntless air
 Thou seemst to have always.
 Since thou art he, who rescued me
 From drowning when a child,
 Who peril'd thy own life for me
 'Midst waters dark and wild,
 To thee my heart shall always glow
 With thanks and gratitude,
 And do whatever time may show
 For all thy weal and good.
 And when thou roamest near this spot
 I will of thee request—
 That thou wilt call at yonder cot,
 Thou'lt be a welcomed guest.
 But times speed on, the night grows late,
 And I must move from here,
 At morn come thou to yonder cot
 Thou'lt find my sire there.”

XXXVIII.

She said and towards her vine-clad cot
 With stately step she trod,
 I mark'd her as she moved along
 O'er the flower and clod,
 No step so light and true as hers
 Has press'd earth's glowing sod,
 Since all the races of mankind
 Sprung from the hand of God.
 I mark'd her in her doorway stand
 All like a vision bright,
 But ere she closed the door she smiled,
 And waved her hand good night,
 Good night, sweet angel of my heart,
 I answer'd with a sigh,
 May God to watch and guard o'er thee
 Be ever hovering nigh.

XXXIX.

Ah ! why does that sweet gentle maid
 Whose bright transcendent smile—
 Glow'd pure and holy as a saint's
 All free from every wile—
 Haunt me in this hour of woe ?
 Of torture and of pain ?
 Ah ! why comes she to this sad mind
 With all her smiles again ?
 Ah ! why does one so pure and grand
 Haunt my memory still ?
 Why do her gentle words and looks
 Now this vile bosom fill ?
 She comes because while gazing down
 The corridor of time,
 From boyhood's wild and tender years

To manhood's sterner prime,
 She's the sole one I've met that seemed
 A being all sublime.
 She's the loveliest Oasis
 That memory can find—
 While travelling o'er that arid waste
 Of years I've left behind.
 She's ever shrined amongst my thoughts
 Like some bright star of even,
 Which sheds its hallowing light across
 The azure vault of heaven.
 And aye before my spirit's gaze—
 Amidst the realm of dreams—
 Like moonlight glittering on the sea,
 Her witching beauty gleams.
 Methinks I can recall her now
 As in those days gone by,
 Recall each word she spake to me,
 Yea, every sweet reply.
 Methinks I hear her speaking now
 With voice so sweet and low,
 As erst she spake, and thrills of joy
 Would through my being go.
 I see her at her cottage door,
 Or roaming o'er her lawn,
 Graceful, queenly in all her ways,
 And timid as the fawn.
 But she is dead, not only her—
 But every one who e'er—
 Has seemed to love and cherish me,
 What e'er my follies were
 Yea, all those who e'er deigned to look
 With kindness and with love—
 On all those vast defects and faults
 That through my nature rove.

XL.

Ah, my God ! I remember well
 That dark and stormy night,
 When from this world of grief and woe
 Her spirit took its flight.
 'Twas at midnight's solemn hour
 A stormy night like this—
 Her spirit soar'd on wings of light
 And reach'd the realm of bliss.
 And left me here on earth alone
 To ever mourn her loss :—
 Left me a shatter'd helmless wreck
 With waves and winds to toss.
 Had God but left her here with me
 For one short span of years,
 She would have made me such a man

As seldom here appears,
 For none have ever lived on earth
 Who o'er my mind and soul,
 Could like her such influence gain,
 Such thorough, vast control.
 Her gentle voice had guided me
 Upon the road to heaven,
 And for all woe, her sunny smile
 A healing balm had given.
 She might have led me if she chose
 In bonds that would appall—
 And gall all other men, and I
 Would ne'er have felt her thrall,—
 I worshipp'd and I loved her so;
 But 'twas not thus to be,
 Away God took her ere the time,
 Yea, call'd her far from me.

XLI.

Away, away ye gloomy thoughts,
 Bring back that happy day,
 When her and I stood gazing on
 The mountain torrent's spray.
 Her hand all snowy white and small
 Was gently clasped in mine,
 And oft I saw her starry eyes
 Stol'n-wise upon me shine.
 I never thought that mortal maid
 Could thrill my being so—
 With worship, love, and awe, as then
 I felt within me glow.
 Before her on the grassy sod
 I a pleading captive kneel'd,
 And pour'd out all my soul to her,
 Yea, all my love reveal'd.
 Come, be my soul's far dearest part,
 The angel of my life,
 And soothe one weary aching heart
 Amidst this world of strife.
 Oh, come, and journey by my side
 As down life's vale I go;
 Oh, be my partner, friend and guide,
 And charmer of all woe!
 For as the loving mother yearns
 Towards her only child,
 So aye, to thee my spirit turns
 With passion almost wild.
 I'll shield thee from all storm and care
 And gladden all thy days,
 And thou shalt be my guiding star
 Through all life's checker'd ways,
 Ah, maiden, say! oh, let me know!

Nor keep me here so long
 In doubt and agony, thou knowest
 My love is deep and strong,
 I know, nought but love and pity
 Can touch a soul like thine,
 More than the lightning's fearful flame
 Could strike the stars divine.
 I know thou art all good and kind
 As angels o'er distress.
 And thou wilt say one little word
 That all my life will bless ;
 I ask thee if thou wilt be mine,
 And, ah ! now answer Yes !

XLII.

Glorious day, O, happy day !
 All grand and bright in every way ;
 The sweetest ever known
 Through all the mortal span of years
 That o'er my head have flown.
 Sorrow and grim Despair were gone,
 All but bliss and joy were fled ;
 Hope warm'd and fill'd my heart, Gladness
 Flapped its wings above my head.
 She turn'd her eyes on me, beaming
 With love, that knows no shame,
 Through all my inmost being shot
 Their pure and holy flame.
 But all the while my heart hung poised
 'Twixt joy and agony,
 Till with a voice all low and sweet
 She smiling spake to me.

XLIII.

"Had I e'er sought a friend to love,
 To honor and esteem,
 Above the rest of human kind,
 Aye, love with all my soul and mind,
 And second but to Him alone
 Who sits on heaven's topmost throne,
 Do not a moment dream—
 But I had chosen that bold youth
 Who on that stormy day—
 Freely peril'd his own life for me
 Amidst the torrent's spray.
 Nor could I e'er do aught to thee
 To cause thy soul distress,
 And I will share thy earthly lot
 If 'twill crown thy happiness.
 Aye hand in hand whate'er betide
 Through life with thee I'll go,
 To bless and comfort thee and share

Thy peril, pain or woe."

XLIV.

There's a time of such joy and bliss
 Unto all mortals given—
 They feel as they were lifted up
 Unto the light of heaven.
 A time of joy and extacy,
 Of light and bliss divine,
 That thrills all the inmost being
 With rapture pure and fine.
 As floods of holy light it comes
 And passes o'er the soul,
 While it lives and glows years on years
 Away as moments roll;
 And all have felt that thrill of bliss
 That ever lived on earth,
 Though as lightning in a dark abyss
 It perished at its birth,
 And left that heart in gloom profound,
 Scarr'd with many a bleeding wound,
 And drearer than before,
 Yea, left it so that gladness ne'er
 Within that blighted heart, and sear,
 Should bloom or blossom more.
 Here left it all Tithonus-like
 To ever mourn and pine,
 And live on in remembrance of
 That flash of bliss divine.
 And none e'er felt that thrill of joy
 'Neath yon o'er-arching sky,
 None ever trod this world of woe—
 Nor yet were born to die—
 Felt it their inmost being thrill
 More keen and strong than I.
 Had all the diamonds of the world,
 And all its mines of gold
 And all the pearls on ocean's bed,
 And wealth of worlds untold,
 Been sought and gather'd in a pile—
 And laid before my feet,
 Not a moment I'd exchanged them for
 Those feelings bright and sweet—
 I inward felt while there I knelt
 Upon the grassy sod—
 Be'ore that bright heavenly maid,
 That lovely work of God.
 And heard her with voice so soft and mild
 Smiling answer yes,—
 Say she would aye be mine through life
 To comfort and to bless.

Then all seem'd bright and heavenly
 Away all but gladness pass'd,
 I was whelm'd with floods of extacy—
 As the waters cover o'er the sea,
 But ah, doom'd short to last!

XLV.

Oh, God! must I again recall
 That mournful scene to view?
 Must that last dark trying hour
 Now visit me anew?
 Must I again feel all that woe
 That then I felt and knew?
 Such grief as yet by mortal kind
 Was only known to few.
 Or if felt by many, few survived
 To tell what woe and pain—
 The human heart can bear and feel
 Ere it is rent in twain.
 Yet all such grief was felt by me
 The night her spirit flew—
 To everlasting joy and bliss,
 And far from me withdrew.

XLVI.

'Twas night, dark night like this,
 The rain as now did pour,
 And from their mountain heights I heard
 The swollen torrents roar.
 And through the window panes I saw
 Terrific lightnings glow,
 And booming over head I heard
 The thunders come and go.
 I stood that night beside her bed—
 With anguish riven soul,
 Oh, all her friends were weeping round
 In utter pain and dole.
 Death's ghastly hue was on her brow,
 I felt her pulse, God, I feel it now!
 It all too plainly show'd,
 That she was sinking, dying fast,
 That every hope was gone and past
 Of her recovery, so vast,
 So keen her fever glow'd.
 As o'er that much loved dying one
 My eager eyes I kept—
 Dark sorrow gather'd round my soul
 And as a child I wept.
 I wept, I wept, I who can boast
 A heart to terror steel'd,
 A heart as stern as ever went

To any battle field.

Ah, yes! above that much loved one
My bitter tears did flow,

I felt that sorrow dark and wild—
That unutterable woe,

That always leaves the spirit cast
In agony and gloom,

And though it lives for ages here
It ne'er again can bloom.

Ah, my God! ghastly grew her face,
Her eyes around did swim,

Delirious with the fever's pain
She writhed in every limb.

But soon her agony was o'er,
No more we felt her breath.

And with a sweet and placid smile
She lay in silent death.

XLVII.

Had an earthquake shook the ground,
And stirr'd it to its depths profound,

And bade its awful death knell sound;

Had all the world in one dread blast
Before me to destruction past,

And all the fires of hell and woe
Burst forth and round me 'gan to flow

With all their scorching maddening glow,
I had not felt more deeply riven

With anguish fell and keen—

Than when the shades of deaths were driven
Around, and closed the scene.

All griefs and sorrows of the soul

Swell'd up in me beyond control,

I strove but could not speak.

In silent consternation drown'd,

And lethargy of woe profound,

All mournfully we gazed around,

While tears ran down each cheek.

XLVIII.

There lay in ghastly silent death

The fairest maid that time

Through all his flight has seen, cut down

In grand and glowing prime,

Like some fair flower that has grown

To loveliness sublime—

That falls beneath the reaper's scythe,

Or winter's blast and rime.

Yea, she who was my promised bride,

And would have been mine soon,

Who would have cheer'd me as the sun

Illumes the world at noon;

Who would have ever been to me
 God noblest, kindest boon.
 As the Pharos on the mountain's side
 That lends its kindly ray—
 The storm beat mariner to guide
 At night upon his way,
 So he may safely steer his craft
 By whirlpools fierce and dark,
 And awful rocks that round him frown,
 Though storms are howling stark,
 So she adown the stream of time
 Had safely guided me,
 Kept me from all those treacherous rocks
 That lie amidst life's sea.

XLIX.

Blow on ye tempests ever blow,
 Ay, howl on fierce as now—
 O'er all the startled sea and land
 And cool my burning brow.
 For my blood like liquid fire
 Is sweeping through my form,
 Grief and remorse tear through my soul
 Like a relentless storm.
 Each pain of body and of mind,
 All woe and agony—
 E'er felt or known by human kind
 Now racks and tortures me.
 For dark sin and crime, here on earth
 My God has cast me low,
 Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with all
 Unutterable woe ;
 I'm as some goaded beast of old
 Kept in a cage for show,
 So that the gaping crowds may see
 How fierce his rage would glow.
 Oh, my God ! I cannot bear this pain
 That darts through form and limb and brain,
 Have mercy, mercy now,
 Oh, take away yon spectre grim !
 And ease, oh ease my broken limb !
 And cool my burning brow !
 And oh ! have mercy on my soul
 When summon'd to Thy throne
 Let this unutterable woe
 For all my guilt atone.
 If I'm to find no mercy there
 For deeds done in this world,
 Then may my spirit ever be
 To dark oblivion hurl'd.
 But not cast 'midst fiery flames,

And everlasting pain,
 But aye in some lone quiet spot
 From Thy dread sight remain.
 And when that awful day arrives
 That all the seas and earth—
 Shall render up their dead, and man
 Receive another birth.
 When that last trumpet blast shall sound
 Through every sea and clime—
 In notes far louder than the hoard'd
 Thunders of all time,
 When all the floods and lands shall quail
 Beneath those peals sublime,
 And render up their dead to life
 And everlasting prime,
 Ay, when all the countless millions
 That on this earth have trod,
 Shall burst from death and move before
 Thy judg ment throne, Oh, God!
 To render up account to Thee
 For all their deeds on earth,
 Who knows each secret, hidden crime,
 And thought, that gave it birth,
 Ah, may this cruel guilty wretch
 Remain unsummon'd there!
 Be hid forever from Thy sight,
 Nor meet Thy angry stare!
 Or if I must be summon'd there
 Amongst that countless train—
 And see the one I loved on earth—
 With all my soul again,
 Let her not know I'm dyed so dark
 With foul dishonor's stain.

L.

Methinks I can recall the scene
 That melancholy day,
 When from her cot the funeral train
 Amidst the mist and autumn rain,
 Stretch'd out in long array
 Far down the narrow vale we wound
 With solemn step and slow,
 'Till we reached the burial ground,
 Where mortals all must go.
 But oh! no words can e'er portray
 The horror and the gloom—
 I felt while she was lower'd down
 Into her narrow room.
 For I had ne'er one moment's thought
 As by her side I trod—
 That God had destined her to lie

Beneath the silent sod.

Though she was mortal like us all,
I could not deem her so,

Although I saw her still in death,
And cold and white as snow.

I never thought her starry eyes
Would ever cease to beam,

That they on me would ever cease
With looks of love to gleam.

I never thought her sunny smile
On me should cease to pour,

That Death would seal her lips and I
Would hear her voice no more.

If of Death I thought, I ne'er dreamt
He'd visit her so soon

That her morning sun which rose so fair
Would go down ere noon.

Nor has her image left my breast
One moment of my life,

Though I have mix'd 'midst scenes of mirth
Where every joy was rife

'That earth could boast, though I may've seem'd
To every mortal there

To 've shared the mirth with equal zest,
And seem'd all void of care—

Yet grief lay heavy at my heart,
Sorrow wrung my breast,—

With all her darkest saddest thoughts
And phantoms of unrest.

LI.

Men say the body of the sun

Is hollow, hard, and cold and dun,
A planet of stupendous size

But cheerless and all grim,
And that light is but a floating

Fluid veiling circling him.
So oft alas the heart of man

Is like it drear and dim,
Despite the full electric light—

And bliss untouched by sin—
Or woe or want, it lives and breathes
And hides forever in.

LII.

Is it a dream? or do I hear

A murmur faint and low?
Sadly it comes unto my ear,

As though a spirit now were near
Lamenting o'er my woe.

Thou ever dear and mourn'd for maid

Who slumbers in the tomb,
'Tis thy sweet spirit sighing near
O'er all my woe and gloom.
Oft methink as through life I've trod,
Since thou wert laid beneath the sod
Aye, hid from human sight—
I've heard thy spirit sighing low—
Just as I've turn'd from weal to woe,
Felt it strive to keep me right.
And if 'tis thee, oh come! oh come!
And this lost spirit save;
And lead my aching body forth
Unto its yawning grave
For thee, my bosom yet inurns
As fondly as of yore,
For thee my soul and being burns
With love unknown before;
For thee each thought and feeling yearns
That warms my bosom's core,
No matter where my footstep turns
I love thee more and more.
So come to me, in pity come,
And if thou hast the power—
Then take my spirit forth with thee,
Nor leave it here to cower
Beneath unutterable woe,
For it has suffer'd long,
Borne every agony from woe's
Deep cutting, burning thong.
And plead thou for me in heaven
Before the throne of Light,
Pray my crimes be all forgiven,
And keep my spirit right.
If any love thou hast for me
Like that thou once didst show,
I know thou yet will pity me,
And mourn o'er all my woe.
Through thy love and that alone
I fondly hope to win—
Forgiveness for my deeds on earth,
For all my crime and sin.
For thou will kneel before thy God,
And plead forever there
To Him for me, yes aye to Him
Thou'lt waft thy fervent prayer.
And other white wing'd saints thou'lt win
To plead to Him with thee,
Till He shall set my weary soul
From sin and sorrow free,
Plead till I with thee in heaven
Shall boundless rapture see.

LIII.

Ah, my God ! what a strange wild train
 Of thoughts are sweeping through my brain,
 As hot blasts that o'er the desert urge—
 Seeming to howl the funeral dirge
 Of some lost caravan—
 That ne'er from sand billows shall emerge ;
 So they through my soul and being surge,
 And mind and body warp and scourge
 With all the force they can,
 And drive me to the utmost verge
 Fell Grief could ever span.
 Ay, each thought of fell woe, and gloom
 Goes tearing through my brain—
 As the fiery, red Simoom
 That sweeps the desert plain,
 Destroying all that dares to bloom,
 Or wave in gladness there,
 Keeping all drearer than the tomb
 Wrapped in horror and despair.

LIV.

Ah ! will my spirit ne'er emerge
 From out this trance of woe ?
 Will rapture never more within
 This throbbing bosom glow ?
 Must I feel all this agony
 Until my dying hour ?
 Or will it then burn on as now
 And keep me 'neath its power ?
 Oh ! had I but the wine cup now
 To drink my care away,
 Then would I drain the burning bowl
 'Till on the earth I lay—
 'Neath its deadening power o'erwhelm'd,
 Ay, thoroughly o'ercome,
 Yea I'd drink 'till it should every
 Thought, nerve, and pain benumb,
 'Till like a clod on earth I lay—
 As senseless and as dumb,
 Senseless as the carrion o'er which
 The flies in summer hum.
 Then would I count me bless'd indeed,
 And banish from my breast—
 All these damn'd, dire thoughts and pains,
 And phantoms of unrest.

LV.

Ah ! had I never left those hills
 But lived beside her tomb,
 Watch'd the early flowers of spring
 Above it bud and bloom,

And water'd them with secret tears
 Till all devouring time—
 Had bow'd me down, and ta'en my soul
 To that eternal clime—
 Where now she dwells in light serene
 And everlasting prime,
 Ever rejoicing with her God,
 A spirit all sublime,
 I had not lay upon this lair,
 And mourn'd o'er deeds of crime.
 Ah, no! I had not been as now
 The abject low and vile,
 Without a thought, without a hope,
 My sorrow to beguile.
 Nor hail'd with terror and with dread
 The coming morning's smile.
 I had been no murderer low,
 No felon dark and mean,
 No traitor of the basest kind
 That yet the earth has seen.

LVI.

How gladly would I wander o'er
 Some strange and savage land once more,
 Such as those hills in youth I trod,
 Ere yet affliction's scourging rod,
 And sin and sorrow's blighting frown
 Had cast me soul and body down.
 Could I live o'er my life again
 There, there I'd ever more remain,
 All free from woe, and want, and pain.
 With joy I'd view those works of God,
 And they should aye by me be trod.
 For what joy 'mongst those wastes to dwell,
 And gaze at night upon each fell,
 As lost in air its brow it rears,
 As though it propped the starry spheres.
 When dewy morning lights the world,
 How sweetly round those peaks are curl'd
 The golden clouds, how sweet to view
 When Sol bursts forth with glowing hue—
 Their silent flight through realm of blue.
 How sweet to view the sun streak'd snow
 In avalanches downward go.
 How sweet to hear the torrents roar,
 And see them down the mountains pour.
 How sweet to see the countless trees
 Tossing their branches to the breeze.
 All things around, above, below,
 Seem to say, God has made us so.
 From hill to hill, all wild and grand,

I'd roam my rifle in my hand ;
 And list with joy unto the howl
 Of wolves, as o'er those wastes they prowl.
 Without a wish, or grief or pain,
 A hunter I would still remain.
 Ever strong, sanguine, fresh, and free,
 No thought or care should trouble me.
 With spirit, joyous, calm, and mild,
 I'd hunt the terrors of the wild.
 Each morn and eve the hills around—
 With yells of my fierce dogs should sound ;
 With them I'd search each mountain fen,
 And rout the panther from his den.
 With them I'd stop the grizzly bear,
 And drop the wolf beside his lair.
 I'd start the beaver in the brake,
 My gun should sound, his hide I'd take.
 The robe of many a buffalo
 Should shield me from the winds and snow.
 My gun should stop the antelope,
 Upon the mountain's rocky slope ;
 My hounds and I within my biel
 On him should make a wholesome meal ;
 And they should guard me through the night,
 While I lay down to slumbers light.
 Ah, yes ! without a want or pain,
 Would I ever there remain ;
 Roam like the Indian who treads
 The desert with a smile,
 And makes the scenes that nature spreads
 Around, though it be gloom she sheds,
 His solitude beguile.
 Face every danger of the wold—
 At day, or midnight drear,
 The angry monster fierce and bold,
 The tempest dreadful to behold,
 The torrent fell, and winter cold,
 Without a pang or fear.
 Like him with spirit buoyant, mild,
 I'd live the hermet of the wild,
 Far from the busy world's dull chime,
 And die at God's appointed time.

LVII.

My thoughts were never such as these,
 When free from woe and agonies,
 From hunger and despair,
 I rose on many a happy night,
 To charm and glad the soul and sight,
 Of all the young and fair—
 Who flock'd unto the theatre,

To see me on the stage,
 If any came with woe oppress'd
 I could their grief assuage.
 For I indeed could act my part,
 Could either storm or rage—
 Sing, or rant, as well as any
 Bold actor of my age.
 Ay, when they came to see me play,
 No matter what my part
 That night might be, if sorrow lay
 In any gazer's heart—
 Soon smiles would his sad brow array.
 Mirth o'er his features came,
 For I could drive his care away.
 Make rapture through him dart
 Like electricity, his soul
 Awhile from sorrow's path would stroll,
 And sit aglowing there.
 Ah, yes! awhile away I'd roll
 The milky field of ease.

LVIII.

And often in the sunny South
 Ere this fell war arose,
 Ere with the sword and cannon mouth,
 The traitors dealt their blows,
 Ere with keen dagger in their hand,
 They strove to overthrow the land,
 And cut in twain that sacred bond
 Of sisterhood and love,
 That bound these states as one, all find,
 Sworn ne'er apart to rove
 Ere they did war and waste proclaim,
 Bade treason's trumpet swell,
 Ere wrapped in smoke and scorching flame
 Proud Sumpter's ramparts fell
 Ere the rage and hate that slumber'd
 Within their bosom's core,
 Burst in tremendous anger like
 A fell volcano's roar.
 Ere war and desolation swept
 As a tornado on,
 Bearing desolation o'er the land
 That erst in glory shone:
 I often wander'd there to dwell,
 And raptly spent my time,
 For on the stage they loved me well
 Within the Southern clime.
 They seem'd to love and honor me
 Far better than elsewhere,
 Yea, they esteem'd my merits more,

They knew them bright and true
Or if they saw I had labours
For them they did not care;
Though I was shrouded in outer lands,
I was yet well loved there.
I always drew a crowded house
With vast and varied appliances
For thus I grew to love them so—
I died with their nurse.
In any way I would not ease
I always took their part,
Cared not if they were right or wrong;
I gave my hand and heart
To all and to all here for them
Even to the verge of death;
I fought in my house for them
Gave my latest breath,
And when that famous old Brown
Upon Virginia's soil—
Let loose his angry ruffian band,
And raised that war drum roll,
You know I and myself in the war
And lived scenes of strife;
When he all like a madman came
To set them on fire free—
The soldiers did sure of men,
Though born for this degree,
I was the first who then arose
To strike those villains down
Who dared to raise the slaves against
Their lawful masters so,
And save their country's sacred laws
To warp and overthrow.
I led my little band that day
As proudly as a king
Who is the bravest of his land,
In war or listed ring,
And when the day arrived that they
By law were doomed to die
There was not one in all the land
Took keener part than I
I guarded well those felon vile
Till words were wound them tight,
Till each sick soul was high upon
The subtle railings swung
And yet that same old Brown I know
Foughted to his very last—
Thoughts fast ere his spirit went
Other scenes of action past—
That bold planned and undertaken
To do a holy deed.

And that everlasting glory
 On high would be his meed.
 He thought it was no shame at all,
 Nor any act of crime,—
 But a meritorious deed—
 All noble and sublime.
 To wake up strife and murder fell.
 And breed up discord so.
 To teach the negro how to strike
 The foul assassin's blow.
 At night to urge him on to make
 The fires of ruin glow,
 And lay his master's stately home
 In dust and ashes low.
 He thought it just that all the whites
 Within the South should die.
 So that the negro might arise
 From bonds of slavery.
 For this, ay solely for that cause
 He murder's flag unfurl'd.
 And swore that he was working good
 To God and all the world.
 And so it is with all like him.
 They always seem to feel.
 No matter what black crime they do,
 It is an act of weal.
 They show no sign of grief or dule,
 For any deed of theirs.
 No matter how gross, dark and foul,
 It to the world appears.
 And although human law and rule
 Should their fierce heat for carnage cool.
 And force them to account,
 Doom them to suffer and to die
 A death of shame and infamy —
 Upon the gallows dark and high.
 Yet with unflinching nerve and eye—
 They will the scaffold mount.
 Feign exuberance of extacy.
 Swear 'till their latest breath—
 That mankind carry them to die
 A noble martyr's death.

LIX.

Away with thoughts like these, I'll back
 To that infernal time
 When I sat with murderers fell
 And plann'd the curs'd crime.
 That cruel blow that turn'd to woe,
 And darkness dread and strange,
 The loyal and the teal throughout

Broad Columbia's range.
 That made her trembling start, as though
 An earthquake shook the world,
 And her high pinnacle of joy
 To woe and sorrow hurl'd.
 Ay, all were happy in the land
 Ere that fatal bullet sped.
 Ere I the treacherous and vile
 Laid noble Lincoln dead.
 For every day throughout the land
 The joyous tidings peal'd—
 That same vast army of the foe
 Upon a bloodless field
 Had surrendered to the North, and more
 Without a blow, or drop of gore
 Were just about to yield.
 That soon no traitor in the land
 The bloody sword should wield.
 All look'd for speedy peace supreme,
 And rapture unconfined.
 All hoped that peace right soon again
 Would o'er the land assume her reign,
 That the erring states with us again
 In loving sisterhood would bind:
 And nowhere in the land was seen
 A dark and sorrow-stricken mind.
 When I the blasting Cyclone rose,
 Wither'd their blooming mirth.
 Spread gloom like shadow of eclipse
 That darkens half the earth.
 As a fire of blight and woe
 By driving tempests fann'd.
 The fell tremendous tidings swept
 Throughout the startled land.
 And all the nation mourns for him,
 All mirth has ceased to glow.
 And from the stately mansions, hangs
 The drapery of woe
 Ah! many a head is bow'd with grief
 And many an eye is dim,
 As in the churches o'er the land
 They sing the funeral hymn.
 For me each face within the land
 Is pale with rage and hate.
 And if they had me in their hands
 I'd meet a ghastly fate,
 And nothing in this world shall e'er
 Their burning fury tame.
 They curse me for the deed, and wish
 Me in hell's hissing flame.
 Each in his mind prepares some death,

And swears that I shall feel
 A death of pain unknown before,
 E'en on the torturing wheel.

LX.

Ah ! wherefore lie I on this lair
 And recall such deeds of wrong ?
 Why let them round my aching brain
 Like burning Furies throng ?
 Why let them throb within the brain,
 Till like a writhing storm
 Of liquid fi e—the heated blood
 Goes rushing through my form !
 And ghastly phantoms seem to rise
 And sneer and scoff in glee,
 And full before my glaring eyes
 Limn all my infamy.
 But I must back, and bravely back
 To that infernal time,
 When back from Canada I came
 Big with thoughts of blood and crime.
 Came as some mirky cloud that looms
 At noonday on the hill,
 Surcharged with lightnings dread and fierce,
 And thunders fell, doom'd soon to pierce,
 And boom through half the universe,
 And spread o'er it a blight and curse,
 When all is bright and still.
 Ay, destined for an end far worse,
 To waste, to slay and blast,
 The happy nation to submerge
 In Sorrow's ocean vast.
 To send o'er it a sable hearse,
 And agonizing thrill,
 Just as Victory grand and terse,
 Brought Rapture, as a healing nurse
 Each aching breast to fill.

LXI.

Methinks I can recall the day
 I left the merry shore
 Of Canada, where heartily
 I wish myself once more,
 But where alas I ne'er again
 May ever hope to tour.
 Around me on that sunny day
 Throng'd the plotters of the crime,
 Ay, they who plann'd and plotted it
 And fix'd the awful time.
 Men whose fell spirits only thought
 Of deeds, of sin and harm,

Deeds that might strike the fiends of hell
 With terror and alarm,
 Ay, make them tremble fear and cower,
 And yet who possess'd the power
 To draw, and lure, and charm--
 Some fool like me within their plot
 Make him their tool and arm.
 Yea, they were heads of hellish schemes,
 Fell as those of which a demon dreams,
 But never once the men--
 To lift a bold and sturdy hand--
 To deal a blow in plots they plann'd ;
 Or face the danger when
 The spark that into flames they fann'd
 Swept o'er forest, moor and fen,
 Making Desolation o'er the land
 Her blasting sable wings expand,
 They were always missing then
 Soon as they dropped the burning brand--
 They forced some tool of theirs
 When he the brunt of all should stand,
 Him drove in traps and snares,
 While they far off a sneaking scann'd
 His tortures and his throes ;
 Nor came with spirit bold and grand
 To share his griefs and woes.
 Came not to share with him the crime,
 Nor help him scape the rack,
 But aid to damn him through all time--
 In every age in every clime,
 And loose hounds upon his track.
 They think if they should mournful seem
 Or aught of friendship show,
 For him who carried out their scheme
 Of murder vile and low,
 That every one they met would deem
 They had a hand in it,
 And if him they strove to screen
 From law and justice, suspicion keen
 Would soon upon them sit,
 So 'twould be folly most extreme,
 Foolish as a maniac's dream,
 All void of sense and wit.
 So they leave him to his fate
 Whatever it may be,
 Ay, to the people's wrath and hate,
 As they 've abandon'd me.
 But I remember how they swore
 To give me help and aid,
 When ever dangers fell and sore
 Should be around me laid.

They swore by the eternal God
 That through all future time—
 No matter where on earth I trod,
 Whatever deck or elime,
 That I should feel no scourging rod,
 Nor mourn the deed of crime.
 And wealth they swore that I should have,
 Yea, such vast piles of gold—
 That Cræsus' ample coffers
 The half could never hold,
 That soon as I the deed should brave,
 It should to me be told.
 And where is it? and where are they
 Upon this woeful night?
 Far away from me, and perhaps
 Now laughing at my plight,
 They would not give now so much
 As e'en the widow's mite;
 Nor will they lift a hand to save
 Me from the gallows and the grave.

LXII.

Ah, my God! what a fool was I
 To herd with men so vile,
 And swallow down each crafty lie
 They breathed to me the while,
 Men black with foul dishonor's dye,
 And steep'd in craft and guile;
 And yet I loved those devils sly,
 And doted on their smile.
 I deem'd their hearts were warm and true,
 And that they meant to bear me through;
 They clasped me by the hand—
 And told me of the plot, and drew
 Me in the scheme they plann'd.
 "Now list to us" they thus began,
 "We know you bold and brave,
 That ne'er a more courageous man
 Has ever faced the battle's van,
 On land or ocean's wave.
 We know your heart is true as steel,
 Would ne'er in scenes of danger reel,
 But be firm as adamant.
 That you are stalwart brave and leal,
 And after fame doth pant,
 And would sooner die than e'er reveal;
 What so e'er you swear to conceal;
 Though it caused you more of woe than weal—
 O'er it you would not rant,
 But onward press with daring zeal,
 E'en when all other hearts would feel

That hope was not extant.
And so we give to you the task
To risk the daring deed,
To work the plot, and all we ask—
That you o'er it will keep a mask,
If it should not succeed,
Ne'er use so free the burning bowl
That it may e'er mislead
Your daring reckless tongue and soul,
So others may the plot unroll,
And bring us into harm;
Do you but act discreet and wise,
And we'll take the nation by surprise,
And shake it with alarm.
Yea, by one bold vigorous blow
We will the Northern states o'erthrow,
Upset their law and rule,
Spread anarchy, and ruin wide,
And humble all their strength and pride
To weakness, woe and dule!
Now list to what we've schemed and plann'd.
The foremost of the Federal land
We must assassinate.
Lincoln, Johnson, Seward, and all
The Cabinet both great and small,
Alike must share that fate.
The task is easy unto one
As bold and brave as you,
One who was never known to shun
A daring deed, nor fear nor run
When dangers round him grew
Ay, with some dozen men like you
Whose souls in danger's hour are true,
Whose nerves are sure and strong,
Upon some dark and stormy night
You might put all their souls to flight,
Send them to endless gloom or light,
Then arise in power and might,
Be themes for tale and song.
Such dread confusion and misrule
Mix'd with dark horror and with dule,
Such strife and anarchy,
Such overthrow of all the laws
Will then ensue, that none will pause
To seek the monsters who did cause
The woe and agony.
Ay, all so terrible and dread
And fell will be the times—
That none will ever dare to seek
The authors of the crimes.
For each will be afraid to trust

His neighbor at his side,
 Lest he an archfiend traitor be,
 And murder, rapine, robbery,
 Will thunder far and wide.
 And then if you'll be bold and brave,
 And each one of your fierce conclave
 Would to yourselves be true—
 You'll fear no fools who dare to rave,
 And throw the crime on you,
 And if you find so bold a fool—
 Soon have him close confined,
 Him treat to gallows or the knife,
 And force in every mind—
 He was an author of the crime,
 And that you only strive
 To guard and shield your native clime,
 And keep its laws alive.
 Soon you will scatter in dismay
 Each secret waspish hive
 Of men, who aught against you say,
 Or plots 'gainst you contrive.
 Do you right fearless seize the helm,
 And all the reins that guide the realm,
 Alike of church and state,
 Nor fear that aught shall you o'erwhelm,
 Be bold and firm as fate.
 And soon unto your aid will come
 The armies of the South,
 All will be law within the land
 That issues from your mouth,
 Those who hate you will be afraid
 'Gainst you to lift a hand,
 They will be instantly dismay'd,
 Soon as they see your friends array'd,
 And round you take their stand.
 Thousands will flock unto your aid
 And keep you in command.
 All the South will on you confer
 A blessing through all time,
 And hail you its deliverer
 From the strong Northern clime.
 Though the task be easy, it is true
 Fell dangers hover round,
 One miss step in it may make us rue
 And bring us to the ground.
 Let prudence, caution, selfcontrol,
 Be aye at your command,
 See each be a true and trusty soul
 Who in it takes a hand.
 Thus kingdoms have been won by men
 Who had the soul and nerve

To strike for them, ay, men whom nought
From high intents could swerve.

Men who shall never be forgot,
Their aims, nor deeds, nor names,
But still across the world shall stream
Bright as the Northern flames.

Be alike the terror and the dread,
And joy of human kind,
Their names aye make the tyrant quake,
And cheer the martyr's mind.

So say you'll undertake the deed
And win a deathless name,

Win wealth, honor, rank, and power,
And everlasting fame."

LXIII.

I've heard that serpents have the power
To draw, and charm, and lure,
The lion in their hideous coil
And hold him there secure.

And that the huntsman far away
Though strong, and brave, and bold,
They draw beneath their magic spell
Within their awful fold.

I've heard the Ignis Fatuus
Oft deludes and misleads men,
From off their fair and open path
Into some loathsome fen.

And that still on they follow it
As bound by charm or spell,
Until the moss beneath them breaks,
And they tread the frightful well.

I've heard Caprea's fatal Sirens
Far sweeter songs could sing,
Than those with which the muses made
The courts of heaven ring.

And that the seaman far away
Who chanced to hear their strain
Would needs approach their fatal shore,
And die a death of pain.

I've heard that poison'd deadly fruit
Is sweeter to the taste,
And far more pleasing to the eye,
Than that which of the fatal dye
Is pure, and clean and chaste.

I've heard there are men who a charm
And spell and power possess,
A mysterious influence,
Which they throw o'er men, and ever hence
Can hold them in duress.
And then by look, or nod, or sign,

With all power and ease—
 Can make them do and act for them.
 Ay, lead them where they please.
 And I believe those treacherous men
 Who urged me on to crime,
 Who plann'd the murder dark and foul,
 And fix'd its awful time—
 Possess'd infernal charms and spells—
 Not own'd by all mankind,
 Not e'en by all who ever are
 To deeds of hell inclined,
 Not e'en by all of those the good
 And virtuous condemn.
 For ever since that fatal day
 That first I met with them—
 And leagued in their dark schemes of crime,
 Of horror and of wrath,
 No power had I to check my course,
 Or ever shun their path,
 I lay beneath their will and rule
 As 'neath a serpent's charm,
 I could not see they urged me on
 To future woe and harm.
 They knew I'd ever court the path
 Where dangers fell were found,
 Nor e'er one moment pause to see
 How vast they hover'd round.
 They knew that I was easy led
 By artful men like them,
 So me they proffer'd boundless wealth,
 A throne and diadem,
 To prompt me on to dare their schemes
 Deeds which they fear'd to do,
 For which they knew full well that I
 Would ever mourn and rue.
 But wherefore should they care for that
 Just so they gain'd their aims,
 They knew the crime would rest on me
 And ne'er would taint their names.
 They knew I was a thoughtless man,
 A daring wayward fool,
 The man for them to choose and make
 Their champion and their tool.

LXIV.

Men say the age of this round world
 Is but six thousand years,
 But through Geology I swear
 It older far appears.
 For rocks around this world abound
 In every sea and clime,

That would have ta'en to form their growth
 Two million years of time.
 And if it is two million years
 Since earth its course began,
 Since fresh from God's own hand it sprung
 All molded to His plan—
 Oh! what countless, countless millions
 Of us frail human kind,
 Must then have lived and died on earth
 And been to dust consigned.
 They 've been countless as the grains of sand
 That lie on ocean's shore,
 And those that lie in desert wastes
 O'er which the Simooms roar,
 More countless than the drops of rain
 That now from heaven fall,
 Numberless as the yearly leaves
 That crown the forests tall.
 They've been so vast there's no blade of grass
 That waves unto the storm,
 But springs from atoms that erst made up
 A living human form,
 And yet I verily believe
 'Mongst all those millions vast
 That through this trying world of woe
 From life to death have past—
 There never breathed a blinder fool
 Than me in every way,
 Nor men more steep'd in craft and guile
 And treacherous than they.

LXV.

By Heaven, I exclaimed! I swear
 To do the thing proposed,
 If I fail may these eyes of mine
 Right swift in death be closed.
 Ay, let me die, torn in a cloud
 By angry ghosts of men,
 So that I never pine or die
 Within a dungeon den,
 But if I fail 'twill be because
 The hand of God was near,
 Opposed the deed, and smote me down
 With palsy and with fear.
 A fitter champion than I
 Ye never could have found,
 Had ye travel'd o'er all the world,
 And search'd it round and round.
 I swear that back I'll never come
 Till I have braved the deed,
 And me ye ne'er again shall see

If I should not succeed.
 Yea, never more in Montreal
 My foot shall tread, my shadow fall,
 My voice again be heard.
 And cursed be he within the plot,
 Yes whether it succeed or not,
 Who is so void of soul and wit
 As to betray one leagued in it,
 By hint, or deed, or word.
 And if it ever be my fate
 To meet him once again,
 Right face to face in tavern hall,
 In street or open plain,
 His life shall answer for the deed,
 And none will ever know—
 I gave the servile prating wretch
 The swift and fatal blow.
 If I succeed in this emprise,
 For by my soul I will,
 Yea truly as the sun now sinks
 Behind yon sombre hill,
 To every one who gives me aid
 And shields me from the crime,
 And will uphold what'er I do
 At any place or time,
 I will reward his services,
 And all his toils repay—
 With posts of honor, wealth, and power,
 Give him a broad and ample dower,
 Dominion and wide sway.
 I will forget no friend nor foe
 Who breathes this vital air,
 So let all a fair warning take
 • And of their deeds beware.
 And now I go to deal the blow,
 Empire is mine aim,
 And ere a year goes round, wide o'er
 The world shall stream my name.
 Soon as we spring to rank and power,
 And fix ourselves secure,
 When we our might establish
 So it shall aye endure—
 High times we'll have for sport and mirth,
 And pleasures that allure.
 And charm the soul of mortal man.
 And if we chance to find
 The people do not like our rule
 And 'gainst us set their mind,
 Then instantly we will declare
 War 'gainst some foreign land,
 And send off our enemies

To fight upon that strand.

England is aye ready for war,
'Gainst her the strife we'll wage,

By doing it we will avert
The rabble's hate and rage

A war with her would last so long
'Twould give us ample time—

To fix our selves secure,
And free ourselves of crime.

No matter how the war might end
One thing is true and plain,

By it we'll thin out those who hate
The way we rule and reign.

And then meanwhile we'll rise so high
In wealth, and rank, and power,

That all our foes beneath our frown
Will tremble quail and cower.

And then not one within the land
Would venture or would dare—

Ay, think so little of his neck
As throw at us a sneer.

Or whisper we were guilty of
The crime in any way,

Or even hint we had no right
The realm to rule and sway.

And in the eyes of all the world
I'll stand so grand and high,

That no foreign power will blend
My name with infamy.

But yield to me the homage due
My rank and power will claim,

They'll seek my love, and shun my rage,
And glory in my name.

For those whose souls Ambition stirs
To posts of high renown,

If Fortune standeth by their side,
Success their aims should crown,

No matter by what ends they're gain'd—
Though it be deadly sin,

They're counted heroes by the world
Soon as their points they win.

But he who Fortune casts aside,
Nor aids to gain his aims,

Though keenest honor guides him on
And all his soul inflames,

He wins the curses of the world,
Its hatred and its frown,

Yea, all his fellowmen combine
To crush and hurl him down.

Thief, villain, traitor, wretch and fool,
These are the mildest names—

For those whom Fortune favors not,
 Though high and grand their aims.
 And now I'll strike with all my might
 For rank, and wealth, and fame,
 I'll win or die in the attempt
 An everlasting name,
 So fareye'll, and once more farewell,
 Let's feel each grasp again,
 Haste, be quick and swift as lightning,
 For yonder comes the Train.
 There, there, 'tis done,—and now I go,
 E'en though I wend in vain
 E'en though it brings me less of weal,
 Than woe and ghastly pain.

LXVI.

I leap'd upon the Railway Train,
 And as it steam'd away
 I cast one anxious look behind,
 And took my last survey—
 Of those fell villains who combined
 As with one heart and with one mind—
 To make me their victim and their tool,
 Because I was a reckless fool,
 As wayward and as bold a man—
 As e'er midst scenes of horror ran
 Since earth and sea their course began.
 And they sly and sharp as any cique—
 That ever aim'd themselves to pique
 As masters of all guile;
 Yea as ever sought to stand unique
 In art of subtlest wile!
 Whilst gazing on that cunning league
 Of exiled traitors there,
 Those basest villains of intrigue
 That ever trod this sphere;
 I saw upon their features play
 A bright and lively smile,
 And I was such a thoughtless fool
 To fancy all the while—
 They smiled in admiration of
 My courage prompt and true,
 That in their souls they revered me,
 With all the homage due—
 To some bold warrior of old time,
 Who with sword, shield, and helm,
 Singly fought the Paynim hosts
 And did their hordes o'erwhelm.
 But now I know full well it must
 Have been a smile of scorn,
 Of hate, derision and contempt

That did their brows adorn.
 It was that cunning subtle smile
 That almost looks sublime,
 Known to none but mortals of their style,
 Men who are steeped in craft and guile,
 Yea, who are alchemists in wile,
 And every heinous crime,
 Men sprung from hell's own teeming school
 Of sin and infamy,
 Men who can look all mild and cool
 Whilst plotting felony.
 And quickly coax some brainless fool
 To be their champion and their tool,
 When'er they wish a priceless pool
 Of blood and carnage spilt,
 Charm them by some power or spell,
 To dark malicious deeds of hell,
 Deeds foul and horrible and fell,
 And throw a charm o'er guilt.
 Hell how they must have laugh'd and chuckled
 In full contempt at me,
 And ridiculed the brainless wretch
 Who had not eyes to see—
 How he was gull'd and humbugged on
 To be their butt and tool,
 Great God! they must have look'd on me
 As the most rash brain'd fool,
 The most egregious senseless knave
 That ever trod on earth,
 Or fill'd a lone unhonor'd grave
 Since this wide world had birth.
 Now part of the foul plot is done,
 And that part done by me,
 They must curse me for its failure
 And sneer in raillery.
 If there's one galling thing on earth
 Beyond all other dule,—
 'Tis to become the sport and mirth,
 The jest and ridicule,
 The serf, the servant, and the slave,
 The victim and the tool,
 The butt, the scullion, and the knave,
 The dupe, and ass, and fool
 Of surreptitious fiends like these,
 Men school'd in every crime,
 That yet the devil taught to man
 Through all revolving time.
 Oh, cursed be all their days on earth!
 Ay, every hour they live,
 May they ne'er feel one ray of mirth,
 Nor hope one solace give.

Cursed be the very air they breathe
Through life, and when they die
May flames of woe around them wreathe
With tenfold agony.
'Twas they who plann'd and schemed the way
To shed the priceless blood,
Take the life of the noblest man
That ever since the world began
Has gazed on land or flood.
Yea, they devised the felon plot,
The dark malicious crime,
By God and man they shall be cursed
Through all revolving time,
Hark ! hark ! a voice rings in my ear,
I hear it whisper loud and clear,
"Fell devil hold thy curse,
Wretch, traitor, villain, murderer,
Thy curses to thyself transfer,
For Felon thou art worse—
Than all that base malicious throng—
That plann'd the deed of sin and wrong,
Of horror and of gloom,
That sent the valiant and the strong
Unto the silent tomb,
Thine was the arm that dealt the blow,
Thine was the hand that laid him low,
All cowardly and fell,
More cowardly in every wise
Than any demon could devise,
That ever roam'd through hell.
For it thou shall be damn'd and cursed
Through all the flight of time,
Be deem'd the fiercest fiend and worst,
That e'er through hell's barriers burst,
And came to practice crime
Amongst the sons of men, yes thou
With willing heart and smiling brow,
Aim'd the fatal bullet at his head,
And laid our best and noblest dead,
'Cause he strove to keep the nation free
Of dark misrule and anarchy,
And laid rebellion low ;
Because he never injured thee,
Nor caused thee aught of woe !
The noble land that gave thee birth,
Which above all things on earth—
Thou shouldst have loved with heart and soul,
Let nought on earth that love control,
Thou strovest to crush and overthrow,
To ruin and despoil,
To hurl in anarchy and woe,

And bloody fierce turmoil.
 In Danger's deepest, darkest gurge,
 And sea, thou wouldst engulf her,
 Make Tumult o'er her howl and surge
 With storms of flame and sulphur.
 For it by her thou shalt be cursed
 While her existence runs,
 Be deem'd the basest and the worst
 Of all her erring sons.
 So groan amidst the midnight gloom
 With anguish fell and vast,
 Rave, howl above thy empty tomb
 Unto the roaring blast,
 For thou shalt meet thy awful doom
 That is approaching fast."

LXVII.

O ! that this bitter agony
 Of body and of mind—
 Would snap in twain the cord of life
 That binds them in this world of strife,
 And let them seek and find
 That rest and respite in the grave,
 Which death alone can bring,
 For I would fain believe that creed,
 That wild imagining,
 That when the human body dies,
 Its immortal soul remains
 Forever where the carcass lies,
 Free alike of joys and pains.
 Without a thrill of joy or weal,
 Or pang of grim despair,
 Without a thought of heavenly bliss,
 Or earthly woe or care,
 It sits forever gazing on
 Its carcass 'neath the sod,
 Or 'neath the wave, unseen of all
 Except the eye of God.
 And when His awful trumpet sounds
 Through seas and earth's remotest bounds,
 Calls the dead to life again
 Yea, all who molder on the world,
 All who from place to place are hurl'd
 Within the howling main,
 Their souls and forms again unite,
 In serene and endless prime,
 Then soar to rapture and delight,
 Freed of all their earthly crime.
 Forgiven all their deeds on earth,
 And every thought that gave them birth,
 Through the eternal love of Him

Who died on Calvery,
 Who sits between the Cherubim,
 And ever there shall be—
 To plead for guilty man, and all
 The children of this world,
 So that their spirits may not be
 To utter darkness hurl'd.

LXVIII.

Oh ! that I'd been born a Hindoo chief,
 Reard 'mongst the Imaus fells,
 Where the rapid Indus plunges,
 Bellows through the flinty dells.
 And where the blasts and hurricanes
 In endless fury blow—
 O'er the terrific avalanche,
 And everlasting snow,
 Yea, where those enormous masses
 To heaven their foreheads throw,
 And vast eternal shadows fling
 Across the vales below.
 Above whose grand stupendous peaks
 And adamantine walls—
 Aye eagle unto eagle screams,
 To vulture vulture calls.
 Where o'er the torrent broad and deep,
 And grim, unfathomed gulf,
 The panther and the tiger leap,
 And ever howling wulf.
 I'd wander'd where Jamootri stands
 Wrapt in his icy shrouds,
 And where tall Dhaiboon frowns
 Amidst a night of clouds.
 Where Kunchinginga's brows are
 Heights on heights stupendous hurl'd,
 Where Brama sits with wrathful eye
 And views the erring world.
 With meteor standard there he sits
 Wide waves his flowing robe.
 And never moves his eager eye
 From off the rolling globe.
 Like the Hindoo I had gazed with awe
 On the cloudecapped height, thought I saw
 His sublime and awful form
 And fancied that I heard his voice
 'Midst torrent and the flood rejoice,
 The lightning and the storm.
 Fancied no matter what I did
 Let it been good or ill—
 That it was Brama urg'd me on
 And that I worked his will.

Oh ! had I been born a Hindoo,
 And cradled in their creed,
 Rocked in superstition's bower,
 Then I'd been bless'd in deed
 My mind like theirs would have been train'd
 To fancy, think and feel,
 All those I loathed within this world
 Should perish by my steel.
 Taught to think every one I loathed
 Was Brama's mortal foe,
 And that for Brama's sake and mine
 I should aye strike him low.
 That if I chanced to let him live
 And prosper in this world,
 If in a dark untimely grave
 He ne'er by me was hurl'd,
 That Brama's burning wrath and hate
 Would ever glow for me,
 His eternal bowers of bliss
 Mine eye should never see.
 Had I been tutored in that creed,
 I had not felt as now,
 Dark sorrow had not torn my soul,
 Nor anguish gloom'd my brow,
 Instead of seeming base and foul
 To make a good man bleed—
 It would have then appear'd to me
 A just and righteous deed.
 And I had gloried in the act
 At every move and turn,
 For it my breast had ever been
 Bright joy and rapture's urn.
 And I had callous grown to crime
 As the flinty rocks that sleep—
 'Neath everlasting snow upon
 Himalaya's frozen steep.
 Oh ! I had never felt remorse
 For any deed of crime,
 Conscience would ne'er have smitten me
 As at this awful time.
 Curse on these thoughts, I know not why
 They cleave around me so,
 I strive to drive them from my mind,
 But still they come and go,
 As blasts that o'er the desert waste
 Are sweeping to and fro.

LXIX.

When I arrived in Washington
 Gayly I spent my time,
 For 'twas an easy task to find,

Men who immediately combined
With me to work the crime.
The very hour I arrived
Within the fatal town
Though it was night, and wild with storms,
And rain was pouring down,
Right straight to Dame Surratt's I went
And told her of the scheme,
And how I sought to make the realm
With gore and carnage stream.
Madame, I said, if I could find
Some bold and venturous men,
To aid me in the plot, the whole
Were sure to prosper then.
Nothing would then be left undone
In any shape or way,
If they were only prompt and true,
And did what e'er they swore to do,
And would my words obey.
For I would fix the time for them
To move and strike with me,
I to each one will give his task
No matter what it be.
And we all at the self same time
Upon some mirky night,
When no one dreams of harm or crime
Will put their souls to flight.
The plot is far too large for me
To work out right alone,
But if thou'll help me gain some help
I soon will mount a throne.
And then thy fortune will be made
As sure as we are here,
Thy services be well repaid
As ever mortal's were.
"By heaven" she exclaim'd "I swear
Thy plot 's a noble thing,
And all the aid that thou shalt need
Unto thy side I'll bring.
I'll work for thee in storm and shine
Let weal or woe betide,
Thy glorious goal I'll aid thee win
Or perish by thy side.
Ah, Booth ! oft in thine infancy,
I have rejoiced the while
I've held and rocked thee on my knee,
And watch'd thy infant smile.
I've often said the day would come
If to the age of man—
It should please the Almighty's will
Thy days on earth should span,

Thou wouldst rise and tower above
 The common herd of men ;
 I see those words are coming true
 I chanced to utter then.
 And so let good or ill betide
 Thy fortune's mine my boy,
 All I can do or say for thee
 I will with utmost joy,
 And all the arts and wiles I own
 I will for thee employ.
 And know, long as I live thou art
 Welcome to my abode ;
 But thou has journey'd far and long
 A rough and weary road.
 And tired, and cold, and hungry,
 I know thou now must be,
 So pause 'till I bring food and wine
 To warm and comfort thee."

LXX.

She heap'd the board with food and wine,
 Yea, of the choicest kind,
 And soon I felt refresh'd and cheer'd
 In body and in mind
 Aha ! were such a feast as that
 But spread before me now,
 I would forget my broken limb,
 Nor heed my burning brow.
 Right long we sat beside the board,
 And long we talk'd of things,
 That would have scared the fiend away
 On more than lightning wings
 In thought a hundred times and more
 We did assassianate—
 All those the cruel plot had doom'd
 To an untimely fate,
 And we gloried in the deed
 As the devil and his mate—
 Might with vast rapture glow o'er scenes
 Of horror and of hate.
 In thought dominion far and near,
 And wealth were all my own,
 In thought I wore a kingly crown,
 And sat upon a throne,
 With trusty nobles at my side,
 And armies at my hand,
 And I was owned by all the world
 As monarch of the land.
 Ah ! thus we talked and thus we thought
 And down the wine we pour'd,
 Till I from toil and drunkenness

Roll'd down beneath the board.
 These were the last sounds of that night
 That in mine ear did ring,
 "Good night thou brave and sturdy chief
 Columbia's future king."

LXXI.

'Tis strange what awful visions crawl
 Across the minds of men—
 When sleep has wrapped the senses all
 In her dark mysterious pall,
 And how they haunt them then.
 How those visions seem to torture them,
 Round them cast a fiery hem,
 And awful gulfs of woe,
 O'er which it seems they needs must pass,
 And face the scorching glow.
 Keently we feel the pangs of pain
 Through all our being go,
 It seems to pass before the mind
 As though 'twere really so.
 That night as o'erpowered with wine
 I slept upon the floor,
 Fell tremendous scenes of horror
 Pass'd all my mind before,
 Which chill'd the blood within my veins
 And rack'd my spirit sore.
 Methought I sat upon a hill—
 The day was bright and cold,
 Far away in a gulf below
 Potomac's waters roll'd,
 Lost in thought I gazed on the spray
 'Twas glorious to behold,
 For 'neath the glowing beams of day
 It almost looked like gold.
 When lo! I heard a distant sound
 As horse hoofs on the frozen ground,
 And instantly I turn'd around,
 Saw a horseman coming on,
 As up the rocky hill he wound
 Like gold his armor shone,
 For sheathed was he from head to heel
 In glorious panoply of steel,
 High upon his glittering helm
 He wore a snow white plume,
 His steed was swift as sands that drift
 Before the red Simoom,
 And huge and strong in form and limb,
 And whiter than the foam
 That clothes the Caribbean seas
 When forth the tempests roam.

While I gazed upon that rider
 I shook with deadly awe,
 Although such men in ancient days
 With joy the people saw.
 I thought of Bayard of old time,
 Of godlike Charlemagne,
 And of mighty Cœur de Lion
 Whose armor shone like flame.
 I thought of valiant Ivanhoe
 Whose helmet gleam'd afar—
 'Midst the wreck and whirl of battle
 Like some transcendent star.
 And he who won famed Ivy's field
 Bold Henry of Navarre.
 And thought of Alfred afore whose wrath
 The Dane as chaff were hurl'd,
 When at Eddington their magic flag
 Was to the winds unfurl'd.
 "Arise and come with me" he said
 With voice as thunder loud,
 "Arise and mount and ride with me
 On whirlwind and on cloud.
 We'll ride o'er earthquake, war and storm
 Through fire, light and gloom,
 And o'er the bellowing oceans,
 All wrapped in clouds of spume."

LXXII.

Trembling I rose at his command,
 And vaulted on his steed,
 Then up through the liquid ether
 We rode with lightning speed.
 At every stride his courser took
 It seem'd a thousand miles,
 We rode o'er kingdoms and dominions,
 O'er continents and isles.
 "See yonder" said the deep toned voice,
 "Now with a single glance—
 Thou canst espy fair Italy,
 And fields of sunny France.
 And yonder o'er yon little mere
 Stands proud Brittania's clime,
 Where I was born, cradled, and rear'd
 To manhood's glowing prime,
 And for whose glory and renown
 I warr'd in ancient time.
 Come open thine eyes and gaze around
 And look upon the world,
 Behold, how Etna's smoke and flame
 In waving peaks are curl'd,
 And how Vesuvius' flames

Unto the skies are hurl'd.
 Lo! thou canst view all Europe's range,
 And that vast flood that lies—
 Between it and those hills that stand
 'Neath Asia's sunny skies.
 There are the Himalaya fells
 Heights on heights stupendous hurl'd,
 Like the pillows of the heavens
 Like the bulwarks of the world.
 Those enormous heights through earthquakes
 And volcanoes had their birth,
 They are but vast upheavals from
 The bowels of the earth.
 Lo! there are Arabia's wilds,
 The land of Ishmael's race,
 The land of bold and hardy chiefs
 In battle or in chase,
 And yonder is wide Africa
 Where roaring Niger runs,
 Behold her waste and fertile plains,
 And see her sable sons."

LXXIII.

He ceased and o'er the spacious world
 A sudden storm arose,
 The waves of ocean lashed the skies,
 Earth groan'd with awful throes.
 The sun was hid within the sky,
 And darkness fell around—
 Darkness far drearer than the tomb,
 And horror most profound
 By earthquakes far within the sea
 Ponderous rocks were hurl'd,
 And with tumultuous thunders crashed
 The mountains of the world.
 I lay within that warrior's arms
 As lifeless as a stone,
 For fell tremendous horror thrill'd
 Through nerve, and vein, and bone,
 A death like pal-y seized my frame,
 I strove to cry, no murmur came,
 All power of voice was gone.
 Proudly midst blast and hurricano
 He rear'd his steel clad form,
 His charger neigh'd, and paw'd the clouds,
 And galloped on the storm.
 "Mortal, the strong voice said," fear nought;
 No harm shall you befall.—
 As safe upon this charger's form
 You ride with me o'er blast and storm,
 O'er oceans fierce, volcanoes warm,

And o'er the earthquake's brawl,
 As when you sit in sloth and ease
 Surrounded with earth's luxuries,
 And fann'd by summer's balmy breeze,
 Within some peaceful hall."

LXXIV.

Then from the crashing elements
 Around, above, below,
 I heard a song of prayer and praise
 To the Almighty flow.
 Strong, exultant, grand, harmonious,
 And blissful pure sublime,
 It rose, and swell'd, and roar'd, and roll'd,
 From every sea and clime.
 Glory to God Almighty!
 They sang with one accord,
 Who form'd, and made and fashion'd us
 And shall be aye adored.
 Father Almighty! we are Thine—
 By Thy will we live and move,
 And all our glory is—Thy
 Wondrous power to prove.
 Pity, and mercy have on us
 When comes Thy day of wrath,
 Forever guide and keep us on
 Thy bless'd and righteous path.
 Oh, may we ne'er too deeply feel
 Thy anger and Thy rod,
 For we're but as a grain of sand
 Within Thy strong eternal hand
 Thou just and holy God!
 Oh, Thou who form'd the earth and seas,
 And all the stars and heaven,
 Let not the meanest thing Thou'st form'd
 To utter night be driven,
 Let mercy unto it be shown,
 And Thy kind succor given."

LXXV.

While thus they sang o'er land and flood
 With lightning speed we past,
 Our charger pawed the swarthy cloud,
 And snuff'd the storm and blast.
 We pass'd o'er nations wrapped in bloom,
 And winter's snowy robe,
 We rode o'er every land and flood
 Upon the spacious globe.
 We rode o'er nations rent with war,
 And heard their battles roar,
 We saw their armies meet in strife,

We saw the awful waste of life,
 The fields piled high with carnage rife,
 And drenched with reeking gore.
 Saw standards reeling to and fro,
 Heard trumpets blare and bugles blow,
 Heard the drums beating foe on foe,
 Heard the victor's shouts, and groans of woe
 Of those poor wretches trampled low
 By chargers in the moor.
 These sounds and sights I saw and heard
 And terror thrill'd my frame,
 I could not stir, I could not speak,
 Though tears ran down my pallid cheek;
 Soon burst a flash of flame—
 So sudden and so swift 'twas sent
 Across the cloudy firmament,
 And all its robe of darkness rent,
 That o'er my vision came—
 A deep impenetrable night,
 All was blank vacancy,
 I heard no sound, I saw no sight,
 I could not hear nor see.
 A sickness crept upon my heart,
 And dizzy swam my brain,
 I felt an icy chillness sweep
 Through nerve, and pulse, and vein;
 Methough those terrors vast and fell
 Soon froze my senses o'er,
 And wrapt my mind in death-like sleep,
 And that I thought no more.

LXXVI.

How long in that deep trance I lay—
 That swoon so strange and fell,
 Or where that horseman carried me
 No clue have I to tell.
 At length the gradual light of life
 Came dawning o'er my soul,
 Huge, cold, death-like drops of sweat I felt
 Adown my forehead roll.
 On—on—still on—I plainly felt
 That horseman held his course—
 With more than lightning speed and more
 Than mountain torrent's force.
 Plainly one moment o'er oceans vast
 Although I could not see, he past
 Full well I felt and knew,
 The next o'er burning drifting sands
 Where Simooms roar'd, or forest lands,
 Or dizzy heights we flew.
 "Mortal awake" the deep voice spake,

And shook my rigid form,
 Then blood went bounding through my veins
 And soon my heart grew warm.
 "Now Mortal ope thine eyes and look
 Around with joy and mirth,
 Fear not for thou art back again
 Upon thy mother earth,
 Yea, and on the glorious realm
 That deigned to give thee birth.
 Since thou hast pass'd o'er every land
 O'er which proud Phœbus smiles,
 See, if there's a fairer one than this
 'Mongst continents and isles."

LXXVII.

'Twas on a flowery mountain
 That almost touch'd the skies,
 Where then I found myself, when I
 Ope'd my wandering eyes.
 Heights upon heights stupendous piled,
 Masses on masses hurl'd
 That mountain rose, with verdure smiled
 Like some bright fairy world.
 The day was beautiful and bright,
 The breeze was blowing free,
 O'er forest, ocean, fell, and moor,
 Right plain mine eye could see.
 Though never yet save in a dream
 Could eye of mortal man—
 See o'er one ten thousandeth part
 Of that bright shining span—
 That lay between that mountain's brow
 Where we then stood upon—
 And those vast fertile plains below—
 That in the distance shone.
 But some power unseen, unknown
 Did so my sight enhance—
 I gazed as o'er a mirror small
 Across that vast expanse.
 While I gazed, then sounded in mine ear,
 "Mortal thou canst now behold,
 The fairest, mightiest realm o'er which
 The beams of Sol have roll'd.
 This is the land that shall be loved,
 And sought from age to age—
 By every race, and creed, and hue,
 By scholar, bard, and sage.
 This is the land, whose blooming charms
 All hearts of men shall win,
 This is the land of moor and fell,
 Of roaring flood and linn.

Of waving forests, fertile fields
 Of hill-sides crown'd with vines,
 The land of corn, and wine, and fruit,
 Of rich and boundless mines.
 The land where nature ever laughs
 In happy ecstasy,
 And what's more precious far than all—
 The land of Liberty.
 And where soe'er thy lot be cast,
 What ever be thy fate,—
 Ne'er do a deed, that shall her fame
 Sully or denigrate,
 But be like me, by day or night
 I am through woe or weal—
 Columbia's guardian knight,
 For her I draw the steel,
 For her alone I war and fight,
 Against the world I hold her right,
 And will uphold her power and might
 Till time shall cease her onward flight—
 With fearless heart and leal."

LXXVIII.

He ceased then gently laid me down
 Upon the mountain's flowery crown,
 Then came a tawny cloud
 That circled all the hill, flashing
 With lightnings grand and bright, crashing
 With thunders long and loud,
 On which his mighty charger sprung,
 And bore his giant form
 Far, far away beyond my sight
 Swift as the mountain storm.
 As he flew his shining armor
 Cast a glorious glow
 Bright as that of India's sun
 Upon the world below.

LXXIX.

With a chill'd and aching form,
 And forehead cold and wet—
 I started from that frightful dream,
 It was not morning yet.
 Not long I ponder'd o'er that dream,
 Nor let it trouble me,
 For soon again I fill'd my soul
 With rapture and with glee,
 For mighty draughts of blood red wine
 I pour'd down fast and free,
 They drove all gloomy thoughts away,
 All dull monotony.

They cheer'd my body through and through,
 Warm'd marrow, pulse an' I vein,
 Soon my cold and chilly body felt
 Refreshed and strong again.

LXXX.

There came a knocking at my door,
 And Dame Surratt walk'd in—
 All blooming like a morning rose
 That in some well water'd garden blows,
 And every eye might win.
 She was a hearty buxom dame
 As ever trod on earth,
 As full of spirit, wit and game—
 As any yet who smiling came
 From scenes of sport and mirth.
 She was that stamp of woman kind
 That seldom in this land we find,
 Who wear their youthful bloom
 E'en when they grow old in years,
 And are not crown'd with hoary hairs
 When verging on the tomb.
 The very stamp for which old men
 Grow young, and warm, and frisk agen,
 And burn with guilty love,
 Fired with passions wild and keen—
 Like those old twain who once were seen
 Emerging from the grove,
 Lusting for fair Susannah's charms;
 Burning to clasp her in their arms
 Though weak with age they strove.

LXXXI.

"Ho! John Booth! good morning sir, I heard
 You up an hour ago,
 But thought I'd not rise until I saw
 The beams of morning glow!
 But have risen for without you
 Time slides too dull and slow."
 "Welcome madam, I never saw
 You look so well before,
 I was just thinking to myself
 That you were worth a score
 Of pale faced damsels of these times—
 Such as we see and meet,
 No matter where we chance to go,
 In bower, hall or street.
 Madam since I awoke I've drank
 A dozen times and more,
 But come I'll drain a health to you
 For I have ne'er before—

Tasted such fine delicious wine
It warms my very core.
So here's to your hale rosy cheeks,
And to your sunny eyes,
And may your body ne'er grow less
But still increase in size,
And may Dame Fortune favor you
For ever more likewise.
May joy and bliss your soul attend,
Ay, every kind of mirth,
No matter where your footsteps tend
Upon this spacious earth.
And may you never need a friend,
Nor ever find a foe,
To you may all with homage bend,
The high, the proud, the low."
"John Booth, now pause, I know not why
But o'er my soul I feel—
Most wild and strange foreshadowings
Of future sorrow steal.
There's something in my breast that bids
Me take no hand at all—
In the foul murder of these men,
Or it will work my fall
Thrice have I lull'd myself to sleep,
And thrice have woke again.
With the same mysterious dream
Fix'd fast within my brain.
Thrice have I fancied that I dwelt
Within a house of gold,
With all things round me far and near
Most gladsome to behold.
I thought that boundless wealth was mine
My cup crown'd full of joy,
And that in doing deeds of good
I did my life employ.
I dream'd, that I relieved the woes
Of lame, and dumb and blind,
And all the hungry came to me,
They knew that I was kind,
And that I gave them food and drink
With open heart and hand,
That I ne'er drove them from my door,
Nor spurn'd them from my land.
All this I dream'd, then suddenly
Methought that I became
All poor, and destitute, and lone,
Without a friend, without a home,
With tortured mind and frame
Methought mine was a horrid fate,
And that the people's wrath and hate

Upon me fell like flame,
 And I was left all desolate
 Whelm'd o'er with scorn and shame.
 Now Booth thrice have I dreamt this dream,
 And frankly will I say
 I think it is a warning sent
 Just in a quiet way—
 To keep me from the awful sin,
 And endless infamy—
 To which that plot would lead, if I,
 In it an actor be.
 So I'll withdraw my name from it,
 And now I firmly think
 If you are bless'd with common wit
 You too from it will shrink,
 And not like some rash huntsman sit
 Near the slippery brink
 Of a deep and awful chasm,
 Who suddenly doth go
 And feel his last dying spasm
 Within the gulf below."

LXXXII.

The while she spake around the room
 With trembling step I trod,
 And can it be I thought the while
 That dreams descend from God—
 As warnings unto mortal men
 Of coming woe and harm,
 So they may prepare to shun it,
 And 'gainst the devil arm.
 It seems ours have really come
 To warn us in full time,
 Bid us keep from the awful brink
 And precipice of crime.
 For it seems strange, yea, strange indeed
 That while this night we slept,
 Such wild visions in forms of dreams
 Should o'er our minds have crept,
 And rack'd and tortured mind and form
 As though we were awake.
 And like Cranmer bound and chain'd unto
 The red hot burning stake.
 What of that? though they be warnings
 As plain as ever were,
 They shall not claim a thought from me,
 For them I will not care.
 Nor dream nor omen of any kind
 Shall turn my heart and hand
 At all from the tremendous deed
 That I have schemed and plann'd.

E'en if bright angels came to earth
 And took me by the arm,
 And told me that the deed would bring
 Eternal woe and harm,
 On all my kin and friends and me
 In every shape and way,
 And we for it should ever mourn
 I would not pause nor stay,
 But work with all my strength and zeal
 As though they cheer'd me on,
 And smiling Fortune favor'd me,
 And right before me shone.

LXXXIII.

Madam, I laughing thus began,
 Although I know my cheek
 Must have look'd all pale and wan,
 For feebly did I speak;
 But I thought by feigning a laugh
 My feelings I'd disguise,
 And make e'en her forget her fears,
 And all such thoughts despise.
 Madam, cast all such thoughts aside,
 Let naught your spirit fright,
 For you with me shall safely ride
 To wealth and glory's height.
 Let no vague dreams alarm your soul
 Nor visions of the night,
 From your mind make such darkness roll—
 And keep it warm and bright;
 For ever since the world began
 Dreams have disturbed the sleep of man,
 And there's no being on the earth
 That cares one little straw
 For all their scenes of boundless mirth,
 Of sorrow or of awe.
 So Madam come and brace your nerves
 With this cool glass of wine,
 Nor let me think your spirit swerves
 From that bold plot of mine.
 Naught but success can it betide,
 That certain, sure, and clear,
 So Madam do not fret nor chide,
 Nor doubts against it rear,
 From you I would no dangers hide
 If any did appear,
 I hold you a friend that's proved and tried,
 Whose fortune's mine I swear.
 Your task shall be an easy one,
 For it will only be—
 To give to each of us a home,

Till we shall all agree
 What each one is to do, and when
 The deed is to be done,
 'Tis all you need to do, and then
 Your fortune you have won.
 You may aid me now and then 'tis true
 Just by putting in a word or two
 In favour of my schemes
 When ever here I chance to bring
 One who'll his life and fortune fling
 With mine, in this tremendous thing,
 Who well my plot esteems.
 This you need only do you know
 When ever you may see
 Occasion a fair chance doth show—
 For you to sanction me.
 You know this tongue and brain of mine
 Right often when I drink—
 Gets so o'ercome and dull with wine
 I cannot speak nor think.
 Then will be your chance if all are not
 Dead drunk upon the floor,
 For you that instant in their ears
 Some cunning speech to pour,
 That'll nerve and cheer them on, and make
 Them pant for gold and gore.
 Business may often call me forth,
 For I have much to do,
 But when I'm east, or west or north,
 I will rely on you
 To keep them all in time and tune,
 And eager for the plot
 To get in action sure and soon,
 Without a balk nor blot.
 Do you but strive and make each one
 With what I say agree,
 And mind, when e'er you talk with them
 Your speech be bold and free.
 Madam you're worth a dozen men
 To me in this emprise,
 And you I know will aid me through,
 I see it in your eyes
 Come do not let me beg and sue,
 Nor gaze at me so still,
 But with a firm and willing mind
 Now answer that you will.
 For it shall bring you weal not as,
 You fancy — woe and ill.
 "John Booth give me your hand, I swear
 By all that we hold fond and dear,
 And by yon holy cross

That hangs and glitters on the wall,
 That whether good or ill befall,
 Let it be gain or loss.

That I will back and aid you through,
 Help you to strike and dare and do
 With willing hand and heart—

In every shape and way I can
 Till death shall bid us part,
 I know not why, but I am fain
 To follow you, let woe and pain
 In the end, alone for us remain.

There—let me feel that grasp again ;
 It's stalwart, frank, and warm,
 With it, and your sweet voice I'd face
 Scenes of fell horror, and disgrace,
 Flood or fiery storm."

LXXXIV.

So she spake and then we parted,
 Warm and gay and gladsome hearted,
 No two lovers bound in Hymen's bond
 Have e'er parted more warm and fond,
 Though we'd no thought nor wish beyond
 Those that the plot would soon reveal—
 The slaughter of those men,
 And the eternal woe or weal
 That would betide us then

LXXXV.

That very hour we parted
 Off to Baltimore I started,
 Full of wine and blithesome hearted,
 Soon along its streets I pass'd
 Upon the Railway Train,
 Cold blew the winds, clouds the sky o'er cast,
 The tree tops reel'd before the blast—
 And bow'd like fiends in pain.
 From the roofs unto the streets below
 Beat down the drifting sleet and snow,
 Wrapping all things the eye might meet
 In a cold and icy winding sheet ;
 Making it slippery for the feet,
 And painful for the tread,—
 Paths through the drifted piles to beat—
 That all around were spread.
 As on that day so bleak and cold
 Along the snowy wynds I stroll'd,
 I met a well known face,
 But pale and wan he look'd the while,
 He strode towards me, a feeble smile
 I on his brow could trace.
 Strong was his build, his bearing bold,
 Though scarcely twenty years had roll'd

Their summers hot and winters cold—
O'er ocean, forest, fell and wold—
Since he his course on earth began,
And yet a braver, sterner man
Upon this earth's diurnal span
Amidst the battle's horrid van
Had seldom trod I ween.
And though his cheeks were pale and wan
His eyes were sharp and sheen;
And full on mine he made them gleam
While thus he spake to me,
"Booth my hunger is so extreme
I am in agony."
"Payne I'm about to do a thing
That will make all the nations ring
With the echo of my name,
And I will give you drink and food,
Yea, freely ease your hungry mood,
And warmly clothe your frame,
I'll give you wealth and all things fine,
And crown your life with fame,
If you will stand by me and mine
Through horror or through shame.
Here is a bible, swear you will
Aye follow me through good or ill—
With faithful heart and soul,
I will all gnawing hunger still,
You shall no more feel cold and chill,
Be rack'd with want and dole."
He swore, he took that fatal oath
Which bound his soul to me
In doing it, he'd shown more sloth,
Yea, I know well he had been loth
Had he known the infamy
Which there and then he swore to do.
Yea, that fell heinous crime
Had I but mention'd it to him,
Though he was savage, firm, and grim,
Strong as a lion in each limb,
It would have made his senses swim
And shook him for a time
With feeling less of joy than fear,
I did not feign to tell him there
The least thing what my projects were,
It had not answer'd then;
I watch'd him with a devil's stare,
And spirit not of men,
And thus I trapped him in the snare
One night in Surratt's den.

LXXXVI.

First a home I pictured unto him
Of boundless wealth and ease,
A palace in a shady grove
Beside the sounding seas,
With every thing both far and near
The soul to charm and please,
And how by the slaughter of one man
He might attain all these ;
To which he sat all still and mute,
But when I 'gan to speak
Of Southern woes, and Southern wrongs,
I saw a crimson streak
Of rising hate and anger flash
Along his manly cheek,
Bright as Sol's last ray cast upon
A mountain's tawny peak.
As billows swelling in a cave
From whence they soon will burst,
As some bright sparks that into flames
Are being fann'd and nursed,
I marked his rising hate and rage
Heave high his manly breast,
While I talked of foul wrongs the North
Upon the South had press'd,
I got him so that in his chair
He could no longer rest.
Up he sprung, in a storm of words
Straight forth his anger burst,
And long the North for what she'd done
With clenched hand and teeth he cursed,
And swore, that till his dying day
'Gainst her he'd do his worst.
I marked with eagle gaze how keen
His mighty anger got
Against the North, and for the South's
Unhappy mournful lot,
Now is my time to strike methought,
The steel seems fusing hot,
While he is full of rage and wine
I'll tell him of the plot.
For now I well can judge if he
Will fancy it or no,
If I can't coax him in my schemes
I'll brain him with a blow,
He can be a trusty friend,
Likewise a dangerous foe,
If he refuse, it is not safe
For me to let him go!
Then I bared all the plot to him,
Uncover'd all the crime,
And strove to make him fancy it

Would aid the Southern clime
 And that it was the grandest scheme
 That ever yet was plann'd—
 To aid the Southern cause, in this
 Or any other land.

LXXXVII.

Silent and still he sat as though
 My voice he had not heard,
 As though he had not even deigned
 To listen to a word.
 And then he whistled for a while,
 Then humm'd some listless rhyme—
 About those who murder'd Cæsar
 So foul in ancient time,
 And the retribution that fell
 Upon them for the crime.
 Then sang of those who slew the king
 Of fair Mycenæ's land,
 And how they died in agony
 Beneath Orestes' hand.
 "If thou canst bring a thousand men
 As partners in thy plot—
 Men who are stalwart, brave and bold,
 Who quail and tremble not—
 When Ruin stares them in the face
 With all the horrors she can trace ;
 Nor care one little jot
 If they should end their earthly race
 With deaths of horror and disgrace,
 So their ends and aims are got.
 Then I'd not hesitate at all
 To link my fate with thine
 In this emprise, let ruin frown
 On us, or fortune shine.
 Have we grown less inured to war ?
 And less to terror steel'd ?
 Than when we drove the Northern hosts
 From red Manassas' field !
 Have we forgot the art of war
 Since Sumpter's cannon peal'd ?
 And those proud old battlements
 Beneath our thunders reel'd ?
 That we to such foul plots as these
 For stern revenge should yield ?
 By heaven no ; I tell thee Booth
 Thou'd best be wise in time,
 And cast forever from thy mind
 All thoughts of this dark crime.
 Though every man of them should die
 The plot has doom'd to death,

And it should ne'er be known at all
 How ceased their mortal breath,
 It would not do thee aught of good,
 Nor help the Southern cause,
 Most likely it would ruin both,
 So thou had better pause.
 All those thou hast in league with thee
 Their numbers are so few—
 The half of it they could not do
 Though they were prompt and true.
 The Southern States have gone to wreck
 They never can be free,
 Nor ever crush the Northern power,
 In that we all agree.
 Not but what we have battled well,
 Done all that men could do,
 But where we have one man to fight—
 The North has twenty two.
 They flock to aid her from all lands,
 E'en far beyond the seas,
 Ay, every race, and creed, and hue,
 But we have none of these
 To fight and shout for us, and wave
 Our ensign to the breeze,
 So we can't fill our wasted ranks
 Just any time we please.
 So soon we'll have to yield to
 Dire, stern necessity,
 And calmly wait our doom and fate
 What ever it may be."

LXXXVIII.

Fierce I exclaimed, by heaven Payne
 I never dreamt nor thought—
 That you would fear to rush where fame
 And glory might be sought.
 You who have faced the battle brunt
 On red Antietam's moor,
 And braved the iron hurricane
 Round Gettysburg did roar,
 And many a corpse encumbered field
 That reek'd with human gore,
 Would ever shrink from danger when
 Upon the verge of fame,
 When Fortune opens wide her arms
 And calls you by your name.
 By heaven, Payne, it cannot be,
 I will not so believe
 That such a soul is born in you,
 It cannot so deceive,
 Belie, your dauntless outward look,

Ho ! ho ! I see it now,
That little lass with sunny eyes,
And with the smiling brow,
And cheeks that with the rainbow vies,
In all its varied tints and dyes
Has made your spirit bow
'Neath Cupid's yoke, but cast it off—
Nor let it gall your soul,
You yet will blush that e'er you were
A slave 'neath his control.
Last night I watched you at the ball,
And saw that lass of yours
Had you completely 'neath her thrall,
She'd not let you move from her at all,
Nor drink when e'er a toast we'd call,
Such things my soul abhors
You seem'd to dote upon her smile
With all your heart and soul,
But cast her from your mind, let Love
No more your heart control.
Long as you are a slave to Love
Your mind will not be free,
For Love 's a pest to human kind
Both high and low degree.
Stealthily it coils round human hearts—
As doth the ivy twine
Its binding hurtful folds around
The tall and stately pine,
Ay, it is a treacherous rock
Amidst life's whirling stream—
On which poor mortals often wreck
When all doth hopeful seem,
And your's like all mankind's will die,
Yea, perish as a dream.
For human love however strong—
Its life is very short,
To one like me who's roam'd the world
It seems an idle thought.
I hold it frailer than the web
That little spiders weave ;
Tis fools who nurture up the flame—
And o'er lost friendships grieve.
I hold it as the simplest thing
That any man can do—
To build his joy on woman's love,
Or deem her vows are true.
Woman's love is writ in water ;
Her vows are traced on sand,
Her heart and soul are far away
E'en when she gives her hand.
And little cares she whom she has

To torture or to please,
 So she can gratify her wants,
 And live in sloth and ease.
 Woman must have been placed on earth
 Man's comfort to destroy,
 For ever since she had her birth
 God turn'd to woe and pain his birth.
 His rapture, and his joy.
 Instead of bliss, toil, want, and woe.
 Must all his life employ
 She's all his recompense for woe,
 That peevish, sickening toy.
 And who slights woman's love cuts deep,
 Wakes broods of vipers fell—
 That lie coil'd up in half repose
 'Neath blooming asphodel.
 If 'tis not true of all the sex,
 It is of most I ween,
 The false and sly we often meet,
 The true are seldom seen,
 At times they shine amongst their sex
 Grand, glorious and sheen,
 Like blazing comets in the sky
 With mighty voids between.
 So follow me, and by my soul
 Before a year goes round,
 You shall be rich in gold and lands,
 Be honor'd and renown'd.
 Why fly from Fortune's smile when forth
 To you she holds her hand?
 Why fail to slake your thirst when by
 The flowing stream you stand?
 Now Payne let good or ill betide—
 Your fortune's mine I swear,
 If you will aid me in the plot
 I solemnly declare—
 Your friend I'll be so long as God
 My life on earth shall spare,
 And I'll ne'er sever from your side
 In danger, woe, nor fear.
 And more, I solemnly affirm
 That every one of ye,
 Who back and aid me in the plot
 Shall ne'er be shunn'd by me.
 That is if well they do the thing
 They undertake to do,
 And act like men with sense and thought
 And courage prompt and true.
 Yea, I will aid and comfort them,
 Betide it weal or woe,
 Yea, let us stride to wealth and fame,

Or to the gallows go,
 What if my numbers be so few ?
 All vast things on this earth we view,
 But from little atoms sprung and grew
 To their gigantic size.
 From little springs vast oceans flow,
 From little sparks vast fires glow,
 From acorns mighty forests grow
 Through which the whirlwind sighs,
 And little grains of dust and sand
 Make up the mountains huge and grand
 That tower to the skies !
 And little flakes of fleecy snow
 That fall upon the mountain's brow—
 Through heat, and cold, and blast, and storm,
 The avalanche and glacier form.
 A little spark explodes the mine,
 And rocks that some vast mountain line
 Are from their bases torn.
 Whole hills by one small spark of flame
 Igniting with the powder train
 Are to destruction borne.
 And one small breath of heat give birth
 Unto the fierce Simoom,
 That sweeps along the startled earth
 Spreading fell blight and gloom.
 Small rays of light will spread 'till they
 The whole creation span,
 And one small microscopic cell
 Give birth unto a man.
 Though small the band in which I trust
 To carry out the deed,
 Yet surely as we drink this wine
 It must and will succeed
 The other day you know you swore
 Before both God and man,
 You'd stand by me through good or ill
 In any scheme I'd plan,
 So speak out freely now as then—
 And say you'll do the thing,
 Nor let us sit like wordy fools
 All night here arguing.
 If you intend to move at all—
 And strike at my command,
 You'll hesitate no more, but speak,
 And reach me forth your hand."

LXXXIX.

Straight forth he stretch'd his hand to clasp
 Mine own within his stalwart grasp,
 And thus he spake to me,

“Yea, Booth, let good or ill betide,
I will not sever from thy side,
But strike and dare for thee.”

XC.

All was accomplished, Dame Surratt
Meanwhile the rest had done,
For she got Harold, Atzerodt,
Young Arnold and her son,
To work the fiendish scheme with me,
And help me drive it through;
How she made them consent so soon
To help, I never knew,
In fact I never cared to know,
So did not question her,
I was too busy at that time
To think that she might err—
In picking out the sort of men
That such a plot would need,
To make it work right surely on,
And at all points succeed.
But he who seeks by felon means
To carry out his aims,
It matters not how dark and foul
May be the scheme he frames,
Some vile woman of her stamp he
Should always have in league,
For she'll be quicker than a man
In cunning sly intrigue.
She'll have more wile and artifice,
And more persuasive force,
More skill in guile and craftiness
However fair or coarse—
Than all the fiends in shapes of men
That roam upon the earth,
She'll far more foul crime conceive,
Nor fear to give it birth.
Let her be fair, or foul, gay or mild,
Sweet of temper, or rough and wild,
Her tongue in one short hour,—
Can coax more of the human race
To deeds of horror and disgrace,
Than fiendish man however base
Could coax in thrice the time and space
With all his strength and power.
At least I found it so, for while
I was persuading one
To league with me, Mary Surratt
Got three besides her son,
In doing it no aid at all
Did she from me obtain,

Though oft had she not aided me
With mind and tongue so sharp and slee,
I'd fail'd in winning Payne.

XCI.

Time sped away on lightning wings—
Yet slow it pass'd I thought,
Each hour seem'd as though it some
New doubt and trouble brought,
For every dreary day and night
Each sound and sight I caught,
Seem'd plainly whisper unto me
The plot would come to naught,
One constant deadly fear I had,
Which racked me night and day,
For it I could not eat nor sleep,
I could not sport nor play,
It was that some one in the plot
Might turn traitor and betray.
One rainy night I heard a row
Within the street below,
Heard the tramp of hurrying feet,
Saw torches flash and glow,
With fear I shook from head to heel—
And sprang from out my bed,
I caught my dirk and pistol up
And to the window sped,
I fancied straight, the plot was known,
And they were after me,
Yea, that some one had traitor turn'd.
Who could the villain be?
Once, twice, I fancied that I heard
Them call me by my name,
A chill ran all my marrow through,
Blood curdled through my frame.
Black icy horror smote me dumb—
Chill'd nerve, and pulse, and vein,
I cocked my loaded pistol quick
And put it to my brain.
I cannot fight them all methought,
And there's not one bare chance
For me to fly, escape from them,
Should they on me advance.
So ere they shall take me living
To judge me for the crime,
And bring me to the gallows grim
I'll end my earthly time.
But swift the multitude pass'd on,
Without a sign of harm
To me or mine, and soon I ceased
To tremble with alarm.

They were a throng of firemen—
 With engines rushing on—
 To some huge fire that far away
 Beyond my window shone.
 I heard the fire bells toll forth
 Their sullen loud alarm,
 Back to bed I went, glad 'twas all
 Imaginary harm.
 And strove to ease my mind with thoughts
 That all were firm and true,
 Who in the plot were leagued with me,
 Or ought about it knew.

XCII.

The inauguration day arrived,
 The day that godlike man—
 His second term as President
 O'er this wide realm began,
 He fairly chosen for that post
 Of honor, rank, and power,
 By all his country's truest sons,
 Her manhood, pride, and flower,
 Because there was no fitter man
 To guide her in that hour
 Of tempest and of storm, within
 The nation to be found;
 They knew if he was at the helm
 All would be safe and sound.
 They knew him honest and sincere,
 That they could trust in him,
 Let the nation's future career
 Be bright, or dark, and dim.
 With him they felt as doth the throng
 Within some noble bark,
 Though angry billows bellow round,
 And night is inky dark :
 And though the furious tempest
 Shatters masts, shrouds and sail,
 They feel they need not fear the waves,
 Nor tremble at the gale,
 For they have a pilot at the helm
 Who will not shrink nor quail—
 How ever fierce the billows toss ;
 And one who ne'er could fail
 To guide his vessel safely on
 By clift and dangerous rock,
 However dark the night, or fierce
 The waves and tempest's shock.
 I saw him on that day come forth
 And on the terrace stand,
 Swear before the face of heaven,

(I saw him raise his hand)
 That he with faithful heart and soul
 Would guide and rule the land.
 That nothing he would leave undone—
 That God vouchsafed to show—
 How he might bind the land again,
 Make bloodshed cease to flow,
 Yea, soothe the people's frantic rage,
 And heal the wounds of war
 Ease all their misery and woe
 Within the realm afar.
 He really seem'd the while he spake—
 That with all his heart and soul—
 He longed and yearned and prayed for that
 To be the end and goal.
 He looked serene as one whose life
 In God is rooted fast,
 A man who feareth naught but God,
 There faith securely cast.
 As some firm rocky fort that recks
 Not flood nor siege nor storm,
 So arm'd in faith and lofty pride
 He rear'd his kingly form.
 And all of that long while he spake—
 (Methinks I see it now)
 Though men by thousands stood around—
 There was not one I trow—
 But seem'd to hear his words with joy,
 And wore a smiling brow,
 And shouted forth their hearty cheers
 Soon as he made the vow.
 I even look'd in many faces
 Of old friends of mine—
 Who once declared they hated him,
 And swore by all divine
 That it should ever last 'till death,
 But there I fail'd to trace
 One sign of hate, or yet a sneer,
 Upon their brow or face.
 They seem'd to shout as hearty cheers,
 As those who from the first
 Had praised, and bless'd that chief, and all
 His fame and glory nursed,
 And sooner would have died right out
 Than e'er his name have cursed.
 Ay, all around both far and near
 Look'd happy, bright and gay,
 Though winds blew cold and fierce and dark
 And rainy was the day.
 And that bright sunshine of the world,
 That best and noblest gift,

Which God in loving kindness sent —
The soul of man to lift
From the miry swamps of sloth,
And make it shine and soar—
Midst grand and noble things, as though
Some god his soul upbore,
And keep it ever glad and bless'd,
Yea, she was smiling there,
That being we men call woman,
That looks so sweet and fair.
She who is ever good and kind,
And ever on the road
To soothe her fellow creature's woes,
And ease life's weary load.
Who like a soothing angel stands
Beside the couch of woe,
Couch of contagion, fell disease,
Where man would fear to go,
Yea, she's the sunshine of the world,
Before her sunny smile
Afar grief's mirky clouds are hurl'd,
And rapture dawns the while.
By thousands all around they stood,
With eyes so bright and sheen,
And like merry laughing angels
They gladden'd all the scene.
They waved their snowy hands, and join'd
In all that wild acclaim—
That roar'd from mouths of men to greet
That hero as he came.
I saw I was the only one
Midst all that mighty throng,
Who bore towards that grand President
One thought of harm or wrong.
Only one who could not rejoice,
Be happy or be gay,
And hail him as the nation's choice
On that important day.
I could not bear to hear the voice
Of one I hated so,
And was so soon to vilely slay
By foul assassin blow.
Afar from that gay throng I drew
With dark and sullen soul,
For I could scarce my fiendish thoughts
Within my breast control.
I felt all like the devil felt,
The night that he was hurl'd
Before the rage and strength of God,
From out the blissful world,
And flounder'd down amidst the rocks

And yawning gulfs of hell,
 And saw and felt the fiery hiss
 Of dragons fierce and fell.
 While afar above in heaven
 Amongst the sainted throng—
 He heard sweet music rise and fall,
 And heard the laugh and song—
 Of pure and spotless, happy souls,
 Untouched by want or woe,
 'Mongst whom he ne'er again could mix,
 Or ever hope to go.

XCIII.

Oh! had I been born in olden time
 When chivalry began,
 When naught but deeds of high renown
 Could charm the soul of man.
 When naught but honor, worth and fame,
 And deeds of manly style,
 Could ever bring on Beauty's cheek
 One warm approving smile,
 Yea, win one loving gaze from her,
 And charm her soul awhile.
 Days when any knight the gauntlet
 Unto the world might fling;
 When any yeoman of the land
 Might ride in listed ring,
 And do strong battle hand to hand
 With peer, and prince, and king,
 Ay, meet them in the tourney's whirl,
 With heart and soul on flame—
 And win renown, or let some king
 His knightly ardor tame.
 Yea, die amidst the rush of spears,
 Or win a deathless name,
 Fall or spread o'er wide Christendom
 His everlasting fame.
 In those glorious days of old,
 No king was ever crown'd,
 But what some steel-clad champion
 Beside him would be found,
 Who for valor, strength and courtesy,
 Was o'er the world renown'd,
 And whose high office 'twas to throw
 The gauntlet on the ground—
 Ere his prince the diadem had ta'en,
 A challenge unto those
 That prince's right of sovereignty
 Dared openly oppose.
 Yea, fling a challenge to the world,
 And meet his prince's foes.

Oh! were those grand high offices
 Of honor and of praise,
 But fill'd at those important times
 In these degenerate days,
 How proudly had I sat upon
 A charger black as night;
 My body sheathed from head to heel
 In armor flashing bright.
 And strong as the torrent dashing
 Down an Andean height.
 Proudly I'd drawn my sword and thrown
 A challenge unto those,
 Who dared openly, by thought or deed,
 That President oppose.
 Who dared deny his right and claim
 To sway and rule the land,
 And I had fiercely met them in
 Stark battle hand to hand.

XCIV.

Strange thoughts are these for one like me.
 Who did so fell a deed—
 Who strove to blast his native land,
 And civil discord breed.
 Who slew his country's noblest son—
 The first in rank and power—
 And more, to do it when I did,
 At that dark trying hour.
 Oh coward, felon, false and sly!
 Oh traitor dark and fell!
 Oh murderer of the basest kind!
 Oh villain sprung from hell!
 Oh sharp, and keen, and subtle knave!
 Oh liar vile and base!
 Oh well may the hot burning tears
 Bedew my curs'd face!
 Well may I writhe in agony,
 And curse the fatal hour,
 I willingly became a slave
 Unto the devil's power.
 Well may I curse my awful deeds,
 And like a madman rave
 With pain of body and of mind,
 Above my yawning grave.

XCV.

The night arrived—that awful night
 The bloody work was done—
 At Dame Surratt's we all convened,
 For fitter place was none.
 And there we ate, laugh'd, sang and swore,
 And pour'd down floods of wine,
 Until the clock upon the wall

Aroused this soul of mine
From that wild scene of revelry.
I instantly arose,
And told to each his fearful task,
And how to deal his blows ;
But ere I ceased, thus Payne began
With solemn voice to speak—
The wine was flashing in his eyes,
And flaming on his cheek :
“Booth, I can’t see what good ’twill be
For us to do this thing;
Sure every one of us unto
The gallows it will bring.
It is as foul and awful plot
As e’er was framed by man,
Or e’er was conjured in the brain
Since earth and sea began.
Torture I’d bear like Ravallac,
And be as firm and brave
As him, at the stake or ghastly rack,
The gallows or the grave.
I fear no woe or pain with which
Man can torment my form,
My soul would brave it as the rock
The lightning and the storm.
But ’tis a horrid thing, I swear,
For us to sneak forth thus,
And vilely slay and murder men
Who never injured us.”
Fierce on his speech I broke with eyes
Like flaming coals of fire,
The blood went boiling through my veins,
And shook my form with ire.
First with curses on his fears I broke
With all my voice’s strength,
Pour’d forth a volley of foul oaths
A half a rood in length.
“By heaven Payne then can it be
You are so frail in mind?
Why you are unstable as water,
Inconstant as the wind.
’Twas but the other day you swore
(I deem’d your vow was true)
You would aid me heart and hand
To drive this business through.
Yea, help me slay and butcher those
Who drove the South to shame,
Who pour’d forth armies on her soil
And wrapt her towns in flame,
Who tore her blooming vineyards down,
Left them desolate and lone,

Made her a howling wilderness
Bare as the arid Zone,
Made many a stately mansion
That once looked bright and fair,
And where once merry laughter rung
Upon the evening air—
A sad and lonely, ruin'd pile,
O'er which the grasses wave,
Its owners exiled from the land,
Treated as the meanest slave,
Or thrown in dungeons dark as night,
Damp, gloomy as the grave.”
“Ay, but Booth every one that you
This night would doom to death—
Of this are innocent, so why
Stop off their vital breath?
This bloody war had long began
Ere they arose to power,
We insatiate for war, arose
To slaughter and devour.
Had the North not stemm'd the Southern tide,
And down its pride have ta'en,
Then every town the North could boast
Had ere this in ashes lain.
And base indeed had been those men,
And lost to sense of shame—
When they assumed the nation's rule,
And unto power came.
Had they not strove with heart and hand
To quell rebellion in the land,
And trample out its flame,
They had been cursed for ever more
Throughout the land, from shore to shore,
Had they stood mute and tame,—
Until their haughty greedy foe
Had ta'en or ruin'd all,
Had split the realm, and wrapped the North
In shame and sorrow's pall.
So well trimm'd armies to their aid
As swift as light they brought—
To crush the fierce rebellion low,
Ay, bring it unto naught;
And they have said and done no more
Than just the thing they ought.
This war arose like all that yet
Within the world have been—
And all that e'er will roar and ring
Upon this Globe I ween.
It grew through lying tongues of those
Who in the pulpit preach,
Whose proper business 'tis—good will

And love, mongst men to teach.
 Yea, they who feign to teach God's laws
 Unto their fellow men,
 And scatter blessings like the dews
 That fall on field and fen,
 But instead of acting like God's
 Vicegerents on the world,
 And spreading peace and love 'mongst men
 They war's red flag unfurl'd.
 Long naught but war and politics
 They've from the pulpit hurl'd,
 Savage and wild the preachers shriek
 Their bloody doctrines forth—
 Unto their gaping congregations,
 Alike o'er South and North,
 Loud every day the pulpit roars
 With words, but not like those
 Christ our Saviour taught alike
 To all his friends and foes.
 Pour forth blood as water, cut down,
 Burn, massacre, and slay,
 Show no quarter to a foe.
 Is the gospel of the day.
 Through them alone this war to its
 Fell magnitude did grow,
 They are alone responsible
 For all the nation's woe.
 Instead of rushing unto arms
 And making discord ring,
 We should have heeded them as the rock
 Doth the scorpion's sting.
 Some ones are really good I trove
 Amongst the gospel crew,
 Who strive to worship God, and do
 As well as flesh can do.
 Though good or ill to them betide
 To mammon ne'er are true,
 Who strive to hide their neighbour's faults,
 Not point them out to view
 Who ne'er foam'd forth vile politics
 Within the house of God,
 Nor pray'd for war to waste the land
 Like Timour's scourging rod,
 But breathing peace and love to men
 The sacred pulpit trod.
 And these shine 'mongst the gospel crew
 All glorious and sheen,
 Like blazing comets in the sky
 With mighty voids between."

XCVI.

A blood red flush came o'er my face—
 I felt it burning there,
 Nor could I speak an ample space
 For rage, surprise and care.
 First I thought, straight to rush on him
 And brain him at a blow,
 Hold no more parley with a man
 Who could desert me so.
 At length I calmly said, 'Tis true
 Some preachers have had much to do
 In breeding up this cruel strife,
 That had cost so much blood and life,
 For they have made the pulpits groan
 With things they should have left alone,
 Ay, every day the pulpit roars
 With naught but politics and wars,
 And lying tales from them ;
 They preach up murder, blood and death,
 Applaud it with their fiendish breath
 Though 'twere a gospel gem.
 They wish for cities wrapped in fire,
 Cities sacked, and horrors dire,
 And things they should condemn.
 They have maliciously stirr'd up
 The people's hate and ire,
 Set South 'gainst North, and North 'gainst South
 In battle fierce and dire.
 But trust to me and soon as we
 Arise to rank and power,
 For by my soul I swear we will,
 If ye'll not fear to slay and kill
 At the appointed hour ;
 Then every preacher in the land
 Who e'er the pulpit trod,
 Dared preach forth themes of blood and war
 Within the house of God,
 We soon will bring unto account,
 And send them to their graves,
 Or make such ranters ever be
 The meanest quarry slaves.
 But time speeds on, I must be gone,
 And ere I go know this—
 He who dares betray the plot
 Instant death can never miss.
 Ye all may fail to act with me
 Through cowardice of heart,
 Yet, nathless slaughter there shall be,
 For I shall do my part.
 And if ye fail to help me drive
 The plot through thoroughly,
 If only part of it be done,

It will be worse for every one
 Who's leagued in it with me—
 Though if it all were done complete ;
 Ay, if it fail you all will meet
 The gallows and the grave
 As sure as fate, so pause and wait
 Like fools until it be too late
 Your necks from hemp to save
 With you I hold no more debate,
 I go my part to brave.
 Curse on your coward stagnant souls,
 How ghast'y ye appear,
 Ye tremble now like aspen leaves,
 Ye putrefy with fear ;
 Ye look like very statues of
 Fell Terror and Despair.
 Homer's Irus was a coward—
 But ye are worse by far,
 Gone is all your manly-hood
 Fear doth all your spirits mar.
 Ye all would cower ere the sword
 Flash'd from its shining sheath,
 Nor could ye as Irus stand till some
 Ulysses touch'd your teeth.
 Aha ! ye all are trembling still,
 As sheep in mountain fold
 Ye quake with fear, when suddenly
 They in their midst behold
 The howling wolves and tigers come,
 Or lions fierce and grim,
 Ay, ay, like them ye quake with fear,
 With fear your eyes grow dim.
 Quake on, fear on, poor coward fools,
 Ye little know as yet
 How vast a bill ye owe the laws,
 But ye shall pay the debt.
 To night I do a deed that shall
 All human senses rock—
 As if the earth were rent in twain
 By some fell earthquake shock.
 I'll do it, though full well I know
 That dire, hate and wrath,
 And Vengeance fell, like dragons grim
 Will aye pursue my path.
 And all of ye, that e'er were seen
 In company with me,
 Will then be seized, deem'd privy to
 The deed of felony.
 No utter chance there'll be for you
 To 'scape the felon's tomb,

As true as night now shades the land—
The gallows is your doom.

For know, my plot is as some tree
That is complete and whole,
Ye are the branches of that tree,
And I the root and bole.

One branch remove, it injures not
The stable trunk, nor root,
Awhile the sap may flow, but soon
Springs forth another shoot.

But let the livid lightning rend
Its stately bole, or wound,
And blast the vital roots, then all
The branches kiss the ground.

Ho! ho! what trembling still? if thus
Ye quake with mortal dread

To hear me speak, oh, how ye'll quake,
When ye on the gallows tread.

Vile worthless lumps of dirt, without
A soul to do or dare,

'Tis but thoughts of corporeal pain
That makes ye quail with fear.

And for your soul's eternal doom
Ye have no thought nor care,

Only death and mortal man ye dread,
Of God ye have no fear.

Poor lads how pale ye look, the fiends
Of Fear must in ye dwell,

If thus to hear me speak ye quake,
How will ye face the fiery lake?

The fusing flames of hell?

Ha! what will ye then do? when round

Ye vast and grim and tall,
The flames of hell as ocean's waves

'Neath tempests leap and fall.

Fear on poor terror stricken lads,

Ay, tremble while ye may,
Cowards your days are number'd and soon

Your memory 'll decay,
Yea, from all thoughts of mortal men

Ye soon will pass away,
As the water'd lilies reek not of

The drought of yesterday.

Payne, Payne, farewell faint-hearted man,

I lavished love on you,
Like water pour'd upon the sand

Beyond the reach of mortal hand
To gather up anew.

No mother ever loved her child
As I have cherished you,

It grew to passion almost wild,

Would yours were half as true
 Oh, could I forget you ever !
 But 'twould be a vain endeavour
 To cast you from my mind,
 No power on earth could sever
 My warm soul from you, no, never,
 You there shall live unshrined
 Through all eternity, and burn
 Within this spirit's core ;
 But farewell you faint-hearted man
 Farewell forever more.
 Farewell, my love is strong as death ;
 My hatred savage as the grave :
 The coals thereof are coals of fire,
 Whose flame shall ever glow and rave.'

XCVII.

Burning with rage, remorse and shame,
 I darted like a flash of flame
 From out the dusky room,
 My name I thought I heard them call
 As I departed through the hall,
 I paused not 'till I reached the stall,
 And found my horse and groom,
 Already saddled was my steed,
 I sprung on him with lightning speed,
 And through the mist and gloom
 I rode upon my errand fell—
 Glowing like demon hot from hell ;
 I reached the fatal place
 I glided in the Theatre,
 Upon the mirth, uproar and stir—
 I gazed a little space ;
 Oh all the place was crowded full !
 Although the play was dry and dull—
 The actors just the same,
 Though poor the play, the actors rude,
 Forth from that lively multitude
 Oft hearty cheerings came.
 But what enlivened so the night,
 And gave that audience delight,
 Ay, so their rapture fann'd,
 Was he—who sat in silence there,
 The good, the noble, and sincere,
 The loved, the honor'd, and the dear,
 The ruler of the land.
 I saw—and gazed a little space
 Upon his open, candid face,
 I saw a passing smile
 Upon his noble visage play,
 As sunbeams at the close of day ;

Great God, in fear I turn'd away—

It seem'd its bright and kindly ray
Dawn'd full on me the while.

Yea, full on me it fell and beam'd
With all its warmth serene ;

I know not why, but oh ! it seem'd
His eyes on mine forever gleam'd

With all their glowing sheen !

Oh, oft I turn'd my gaze away

And stol'n-wise look'd at him !

But still I found their kindly ray

Did still unswerving on me play,
It made my senses swim.

A low dull sound rung in mine ear

All the while I was standing there,

A sullen, mournful sound, and drear,

It smote my soul and sense with fear,

And made me pant for breath.

Deep, deeper came those murmurs low—

As though a spirit wail'd in woe
Above the coming death.

My breast could scarce my thoughts contain
All hell was flashing in my brain

And surging in my soul,

Swift towards the outer door I sped,

Trembling with more than mortal dread—

And keen anxiety, my head

Hot as a burning coal.

And as I pass'd from out the door

I turn'd and looked at him once more,

Still beam'd his eye on me,

And still that bright celestial smile

Was beaming down on me the while

With sunny brilliancy.

'Sdeath ! I could not slay that man

For all the gold on earth's broad span—

Nor do him aught of harm—

While his keen gaze was fix'd on me,

He look'd so kind and fatherly

I could not raise my arm

To point my pistol to his head,

It seem'd my purpose dark and dread,

And all my rage and hate had fled,

Before that kindly smile he shed,

As at a mighty charm,

Yea, awhile all fell vengeance sped,

And left a love for him instead.

XCVIII.

I read strange tales long, long ago
Of murder, crime, and woe,

Of valiant men and good who died
 By the assassin's blow.
 In all it seem'd those men would feel
 By instinct, swift as light,
 The presence of their mortal foe
 Ere he approach'd their sight,
 Ay, long ere they had cause to fear
 The coming woe and harm,
 Or cause to fancy they should die
 By any human arm.
 But when'er he who did the deed—
 Though it was years ahead—
 Chanced to come within their presence—
 Or when they heard his tread
 A sudden feeling wild and strange
 Would through their being go,
 Their eyes by instinct turn'd on him—
 With keener sharper glow
 Than they were ever known to shine
 On aught on earth before.
 This may but be the phantasy,
 Or lies and nothing more,
 Of those who penn'd those thrilling tales
 Of horror, crime and gore.
 I cannot tell, but this I know,
 In haste three times I went
 Within that merry Theatre
 To slay the President;
 And every time I enter'd there—
 Just ere I reached the spot
 Where I could take a steady aim,
 Make certain that my shot—
 Would send him to his long account
 His eyes would turn on me,
 Ay, gaze on me all kind and sheen
 Just as his face I'd see.
 And every time I met his stare—
 Smiles his visage wore, frank as e'er
 On mortal face we'll find,
 The while from head to heel I shook,
 For in his open candid look
 I read as from a seraph's book
 Good will to all mankind.
 Three times I strode with hasty pace
 That Theatre within,
 Resolved to let a bullet fly—
 And do the deed of sin,
 And three times did I retire
 From out that fatal place—
 With panting heart, and reeling step
 And brain, and burning face.

Had I but mark'd a frown or sneer
Across his features crawl

The while I gazed upon him there
I'd felt no fear at all

In taking sure and steady aim,
And doing the fell deed.

Yea, I'd paused not but done it
With all the devil's speed.

Each time I gazed on him, he looked
All kindly and sincere.

Though he ne'er harbored thought nor wish
But what the world might hear.

Upon his face I failed to trace
Aught but universal love

To all his fellow men on earth,
And trust in God above.

And so I could not slay the man
While thus he gazed on me.

I could not find it in my heart
To act so cruelly:

'Twould been as parricide done with
A fiend's ferocity.

XCIX.

There was a tavern close at hand
To which I hied with speed.

There I poured down wine as water
To steel me to the deed.

Soon I felt it fire my brain,
And with it vengeance came.

My blood went bounding through each vein
Like rushing liquid flame.

For hate was in me strong as death,
And cruel as the grave.

Fiery as the Simoom's breaths
That o'er Sahara rave;

And jealousy as fierce and fell
As ocean's angry wave—

That draws the ship-wreck'd seaman towards
The Maelstrom's dread abyss.

Where ghastly green-eyed monsters war,
And long-tongued dragons hiss.

And where 'midst racing roaring brine
The bones of men are toss'd,

The bones of ship-wrecked mariners
Through countless ages lost.

Headlong it spins him round and round,
Rejoicing at his doom.

Still narrowing at every bound.

To that dread brim still closer wound,
That rim of spray and spume.

Then whirls him in that gulf profound

To overwhelming bloom.

While high above that sparkling foam
And ever roaring gulls—

To the thurs the sear's moon
And shied his funeral horns.

Yes, jealousy and hate were mine
As savage and as fell

As Scylla and Charybdis jaws
Grasping as their hideous claws

Insane as their terrible laws
Each a grim raging hell.

Yes, both were fierce and foul as the
Chimera's rusty frame.

That brutal beast that had her den
In some dark, dreary, mountain glen

That wasted fields, and slaughter times
And belched forth cruel fumes.

And made the world with terror grim
Which by Minerva's aid came.

Bellerophon's name.

Now the dead I do meet though through
All hell stands in the way.

Yes, death shall turn me from the dead.
All fears I hold as bay.

I'll find some other way to change
To deal the mortal blow.

Instead of facing him again—
Unto his task I'll go.

Tied up the winding snakes I went.
That led unto the place

Where sat the great old President.
I turned a little space

At him, through a crack in the door.
His back was turned to me.

He gazed upon the stage below.
On actors dying so and so.

All wild and bustling.

And like unto the master's show.
So did all his company.

C.

But as I gaze up the door

I shook with mortal dread.

Shock is the coward thief who goes
At night to rob the dead.

Who fears the corpse may yet arise
From off the sable bier—

And his reversed form and soul
To shreds and atoms tear.

I felt some unseen demon's fingers
Passing through my hair.

I felt his breath upon my cheek
'Twas fetid arid air—
Like that supposed to issue from
Dread hell's most foul abyss;
An unseen serpent coil'd around
My arm, I heard it hiss.
Swift, noiseless as the devil moves
When on some errand dread,
I drew my pistol from my breast
And aim'd it at his head.
Forth went the bullet through his brain
With sad and sullen roar,
I saw the crimson blood stream forth,
And rush upon the floor.
Oh then great God the deed was done !
The blackest deed that earth—
Has known or witness'd since the fiends
And devil had their birth.
I drew my dagger from its sheath
And leaped upon the stage,
For I was wild and frantic then
With demon fear and rage,
And Terror strung each thew and nerve
With more than human force,
With strength that is not of this world;
I was strong as the torrent hurl'd
Adown its Alpine course.
Fear joined with crime more daring owns
By far than courage hath,
Courage is not strong nor fierce as Fear,
Nor half its strength has Wrath,
And had some flame or yawning gulf,
Or danger cross'd my path,
I'd leapt o'er them, nor paused to think
Of any shock nor scath !
So agile and so strong I felt,
So desperate and fell,
I would have braved the jaws of Death
And all the fiends of hell—
To clear me but one hour from
That dread infernal place,
So I might gaze no longer on
That slaughtered Chieftain's face
And had a thousand sturdy men
All armed with sword and spear
But strove to block my passage then,
Or stop my fierce career.
I do most verily believe
I had not stood at bay,
But through and through their hostile ranks
Have hewn my gory way ;

Yea, as the reaper cuts right through
The yellow ripened grain
And spreads it all in even swaths
Along the harvest plain.
Or made them fly like ocean's spray
When the black squall doth blow,
Or like reeds that in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.
My brain was red-hot liquid flame
Like that which seethes in hell,
When I leaped forth upon the stage
With panther spring and yell.
That dread moment I seem'd endowed
With strength and terror fell,
Crazed and nerved beyond the power
Of human voice to tell.
For some one I know was hired
To out the lights around—
Just soon as my pistol fired,
Ay, at the very sound,
So outward I might safely rush
Amidst the gloom profound.
But while I rushed across the stage
The place was bright as day,
No one had dimmed the lights, it seem'd
They shone with brighter ray.
Then through the rearward door I went
With more than lightning's speed,
Then down the narrow street I rushed
And vaulted on my steed
All had been done as swift as thought,
Yea, like a flash of flame
I flew in the place, did the deed,
Then outward shouting came.
'Twas done so quick, so rapidly,
So swift, so sudden, and so free,
It even seem'd to me—
To be a passing flying dream,
And not reality.
And when I sprung upon the stage
Not one knew what it meant,
Not e'en the ones who sat around
The slaughtered President,
So swift I sprung upon the stage,
So swift from it I went,
That all that multitude around
Sat gaping with surprise,
All dumb and mute they sat with
Parted lips and straining eyes,
Wrapt in such vast astonishment
Not one of them could rise.

CI.

Deep, deep and fast my rowels sank
 Within my charger's foamy flank,
 O'er ditch, and fence, and clift, and meed,
 He thunder'd on with billow's speed
 When tempests are abroad ;
 He flew as though he well could heed
 The danger of his lord.
 With spur and rein his flight I cheer'd
 'Till morning in the sky appear'd,
 Then towards a lonely wood I steer'd
 That stood a mile before
 There, in his rapid flight I rear'd,
 And sprung to earth once more.
 But oh the pain, that smote me then !
 The keen and bitter pain,
 It sent a thrill through all my form,
 I felt it in my brain.
 When I that fearful leap had made
 That night unto the stage—
 Although I did not feel it then
 Through fear, and haste, and rage,
 A slender bone within my leg
 Broke as I touched the floor,
 And now the points pierced through the skin
 A half an inch and more.
 I strove to soothe my broken limb,
 But all my toil was vain,
 And Terror mated with Despair
 Made all my pain more pain.
 Soon Harold journey'd up to me,
 Then off to Mudd's we went,
 Though at each move I made, my wound
 Pains through my body sent.

CII.

We went to Mudd's, for well knew he
 About the dark Conspiracy,
 We met him at his door,
 We told him of the murder grim ;
 He strove to set my broken limb,
 And fix it right once more.
 But all the while he bent o'er me,
 He trembled like an aspen tree,
 And ghastly looked his brow,
 Nor has he set the bone aright,
 Perhaps he could not for his fright,
 Perhaps he knew not how.

CIII.

On, on, I flew o'er field and fen

With Harold by my side,
 He swore to aid me in my flight
 And be my friend and guide,
 And lead me through these lonely swamps
 No matter what betide.
 And in this damp and lonely field
 Just ere the night closed in—
 Just ere this driving storm with all
 Its fury did begin—
 Alone he left me here, while he
 Went forth with trembling tread—
 To seek among the sons of men
 One little piece of bread,
 To ease that craving agony
 Which at our vitals gnaws.
 For fell hunger will drive mankind
 Within the lion's jaws
 And ah, they must have captured him !
 Or else he's gone astray,
 I know he would not willingly
 Have stay'd so long away.
 Ah me ! he must have fallen in
 The clutches of the law ;
 And that crowd of flying horsemen
 That just ere dusk I saw—
 Scouring along by yonder wood
 Perchance have taken him,
 Perchance this very night he hangs
 Upon some gallows grim.
 If they have captured him, oh God !
 They soon will have me too,
 For he's not over firm of mind,
 Nor yet the bravest of mankind,
 And he may give some clue—
 To them, so me they may easy find,
 And me for aye undo.

CIV.

Oh God ! perchance those horsemen—
 Or spies are around me now,
 Hark ! a strange moving then I heard
 Upon yon maple bough.
 Men by thousands will be after me
 And seek me far and near,
 For a price is set upon my head,
 Those who capture me alive or dead
 Will ample fortunes share.
 Harold I should not have sent for food,
 Better to starve and die
 Alone in woe and agony,
 Than die a death of infamy

Upon the scaffold high.
 But to no gallows shall I go,
 Lost and wretched as I am
 No such vile disgrace and shame
 My latest hour shall damn.
 My soul shall leave its mortal form
 Midst scenes of strife and battle storm;
 While blood flows round me red and warm,
 Midst scenes of smoke and flame,
 I'll die as doth the lion die—
 When his young round him slaughter'd lie,
 Whose courage and ferocity
 No earthly force can tame,
 Who fears not when he sees his foes
 Surround his bloody den,
 Who dies while biting, tearing hard
 'Mongst dying hounds and men,
 My soul shall leave its earthly frame
 As doth the huge volcano's flame
 Quit the crater with a roar,
 That sends one sudden blaze of light
 Across the land, then sinks to night
 And gloom forever more.

CV.

But ere I sink into the grave
 Right gladly would I know—
 If any other in the plot
 Did dare to strike a blow
 That night save me, I fain would know
 Who was murder'd on that night,
 And where the rest who leagued with me
 Have hid or ta'en their flight,
 For Harold is the only one
 That I have fix'd my eyes upon—
 Ever since that tremendous time
 I went to perpetrate the crime,
 And left them gaping one and all
 At me in Dame Surratt's old hall,
 Half drunk, and ready for a brawl.
 But they were cowards all at heart,
 Not much they did I trow,
 For when I left them there, I saw
 Fear, stamp'd upon each brow.
 If aught that night was done by them
 In shape of felony,
 'Twas Dame Surratt who urged them on,
 They would not strike for me.
 She may have spurr'd them to the deed,
 For she was sly and keen,
 Knew well the way to lead astray
 Such wretches low and mean.

CVI.

Away, away with thoughts like these,
Why think of dogs like them?
They are not worthy e'en to touch
The devil's garment hem,
Not one of them shall die like me,
They are too vile and low—
And far too cowardly to fall
With face unto their foe.
They'll all upon the gallows swing—
The scorn of human kind,
The hate, derision, and contempt,
Of e'en the dark in mind
But my fell earthly race shall end,
My spirit from its body wend
Midst scenes of blood and fire,
Amidst the clash and crash of steel,
And combat fierce and dire.
My hands are on my carbine now,
My dagger 'tween my teeth,
And they who dare to venture near,
A bullet through each heart shall tear,
Be each my dagger's sheath.
I'll die as doth befit the slayer
Of so great a man,
Though sorely now I rue the deed
As any mortal can.
And though I acted cowardly
And low and mean, and vile,
By sneaking up behind the man
And killing in that style,
Such cowardice shall not disgrace
My latest hour on earth,
Ah no! I shall not so besmirch
The land that gave me birth!
His dark, untimely, cruel death
The world shall ever mourn,
And bards shall sing his worth and fame
To ages yet unborn.
And they shall tell of him who did
The dark atrocious crime,
Through it my name shall ever live
Through all revolving time,
Good men and brave may be forgot,
Oblivion aye hide the spot
Their dust and fame are nursed,
But while men breathe on earth they'll hear
With shudders of revenge and fear
Of me, the fell, accurs'd.
This generation of mankind
May seek to hide my name,

The next that comes will seek to know
 Who dealt the fierce tremendous blow,
 And wrought the deed of shame.
 My name like Eratostratus—
 Though wrapt in blood and crime,
 Shall live in spite of man and fiend
 Through all the tide of time.

CVII.

'Sdeath ! how fierce the lightnings flash,
 How dread the thunders boom—
 The world, a moment's light they give,
 Then tumult and dence gloom.
 The tempests howl, the torrents roar
 In headlong fury by,
 Oh there is madness on the earth !
 And anger in the sky.
 And there is madness in my soul,
 And horror in my mind,
 Sorrow, Remorse, and grim Despair,
 All visit me combined.
 As lightning bolts my aching soul
 They blast, and wound, and tear,
 Yea, fierce lightning bolts self forged
 In intramundane air.
 Ah ! pain and fear and every ill
 Hold form and soul in thrall,
 Yea, every ill that e'er was born
 On this terrestrial ball—
 Since first it sprung in airy space
 'Midst creation's mighty plan—
 And there before the sun's bright disk
 Its revolving course began.
 'Tis by the sun's magnetic force
 This world in space is held,
 By it, earth lives in air, by it
 From other worlds repeld.
 And if that empyreal sphere
 Should wither from the sky—
 Earth would bolt through space—and in dark
 Primeval chaos die.
 So by Faith alone the spirit lives
 And hopes and trusts in God,
 If not for Faith dark man's soul would be
 In its corporeal clod.
 Faith like the sun that holds and guides
 And keeps this world aright—
 Illumes and cheers the soul of man—
 Else all were hell and night.
 Earth weighed in God's vast universe
 But one mere atom lies—

As one of its small grains of sand
 Placed in a scale with a world more grand
 And billion times earth's size
 So every deathless soul of man
 Though in itself a world, and 'gan
 Ere earth's sepulchral clod—
 Is but a mere slight atom of
 The all pervading God.
 He is the centre source and life
 Of every earth bound soul—
 All are but mere parts of Him,
 He's the vast stupendous whole.
 All atoms, souls, suns, stars, and worlds
 Are His to sway and rule,
 He's all wise, benign, beneficent,
 And man is but a fool.
 Shall He who from nothing formed
 All vast ethereal globes—
 Fill'd them with life, and deck'd them all
 With grand and glowing robes !
 Not cleanse a death ess soul from crime !
 Yea, make it pure again—
 As first it sprung from His own hand
 All free from every stain ?
 Yea Him to whom no mortal yet
 Has ever call'd in vain ?

CVIII.

Blow, blow ye winds forever blow
 O'er forest, hill and plain,
 Ay, howl and groan like angry fiends
 In everlasting pain.
 And flash ye streams of lightning flash,
 And roll ye thunders roll,
 For nothing else this awful night
 Can cheer my madden'd soul.
 All my blood like heated lava
 Is rushing through each vein,
 And a fell volcano's fire
 Is pent within my brain.
 Ten thousand dreadful forms come round—
 They beckon me away,
 "Fly, fly, and hide thyself in hell"
 Each spectre seems to say.
 A long, dark, sad funeral train
 Aye moves before my eye and brain,
 Strange sounds ring in mine ear.
 I see a corpse all pale and white,
 Whose's eyes still open glare
 In wrath and rage at me, Oh God !—
 I cannot stand their stare !

Ah! who art thou beside me now!
With sunken cheeks and ghastly brow?
And thin and frightful form?
Art thou Death to whom mortals bow
In war, peace, shine and storm?
Who summons to another sphere
The children of this earth?
Who o'er men and beasts holds sway
From hour of their birth?
If thou art he whom all men fear,
Then bid this mortal dark and drear,
Rise and mount his funeral bier.
Ah, Death I welcome thee!
For here I would no longer live.
All hell no deeper woes can give
Than my past agony.
Why leave a wretched cripple here
Rack'd with Hunger, Want, and Woe?
Fell Horror, Terror, and Despair?
Mated with Anguish dark and drear?
Ah, take me forth! I care not where
With thee I have to go,
Take me forth thou dreadful power,
Let this be my dying hour.
Come to a lost and maddened soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose,
Ah! bid me haste and reach the goal
Where earthly pains and sorrows close!
Aha! the last dim morn has come,—
My flame of life burns feebly now!
Death, come Death, all my pains benumb,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
My sands of life are almost run,
And grain by grain I feel them go;
Let me not view yon rising sun,
'Twould treble all my ghastly woe!
How dim all things around me grow!

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

A Ballad for the Soldier.

BY J. DUNBAR HYLTON.

I.

Now all ye good men of the Union,
With loyal hearts and brave,
Who still stand by the gay old flag
That still o'er ye doth wave.
All ye who for your country's right,
And for her Liberty,
Would meet the strongest foe that breathes,
And die or still be free.
Come and make a circle round me,
A story I would tell,
How we at dread Antietam fought,
How gallantly we fell.
For I am a war-worn soldier
All seamed with grisly scars,
A wreck tossed on the shore of peace
By raging surge of wars.
I've told you how on many a field
We've nobly fought and bled,
How hot, and grim, with blood and dust
We've stalked o'er fields of dead.
I've told you how on bank and stream
In seasons warm and cold,
Northern hosts and Southern legions
Joined in their battles bold,
'Till the dark cold waves were flowing
Red, thick and warm with blood,
Ha, dauntless sons of North and South
How we've choked the crimson flood!
I've told you of the fame and glory
That gleamed so bright and pure
Upon the crests of those who fell
On Shilo's cumbered moor.
But now your eyes shall open wide
As at a trumpet's call,
I'll tell you of the fellest fight,
And sternest deed of all.
I'm a war-worn soldier, in whom
Stern woe with triumph blends;
For I've sought 'mongst the wasted ranks
And missed my dearest friends.
They all are hushed in death's repose,
'Midst streams of clotted gore,

For them, Ruin lay behind us,
And Vengeance stalked before.
For they were martyrs, those who died
Amidst the smoke and flame—
And ghastly thunders of the fray,
'Twas for Country's trust and fame;
And honored through all coming time
Shall be each hero's name.
All ye who live in quiet homes
In luxury and ease;
Who never faced the front of war
On land or rolling seas;
Little ye think how terribly
That day the cannon roar'd,
How on the ranks of horse and foot
The shot and shell was pour'd.
Little ye think how fiercely
That day the war-horns peal'd,
How in the reeking swamps of gore
The furious squadron's reel'd;
How thick the ghastly limbs of men
Were scattered o'er the field.
There was no heart in either host,
But was to pity steel'd,
And well did the chiefs of either host
That day their armies wield.
For all that skill or force could do
To win the ghastly fray,
By gallant Lee and brave McClellan
Was done that bloody day.

II.

Oh! fell and goriest battle
That with ruin all outshines,
Far surpassing Shilo dread,
And Battle of the Pines.
How thick the dead lay scattered
Along the mountain side,
How fast adown the gullies ran
The dark red crimson tide,
Until Antietam's rolling flood
With human gore was dyed.
For columns with columns mingled fast
'Mid storms of grape and shell
And lost forever more, in one
Promiscuous carnage fell.

III.

Oh! well can I recall the scene
That dark and starless night,
When by ten thousands round we lay
Awaiting for the fight.

There from all climes beneath the sun
Were warriors fierce and strong,
Ay, men from every distant isle
Had gathered in that throng.
But chiefly from our own dear land
The gallant squadrons came,
To crush the raging civil war,
And trample out its flame.
They came from where Atlantic billows
Thunder, leap and roar,
From where the Pacific's waters
Lave the proud rocky shore.
They came from all the States that boast
The red, the white and blue,
All those who to the good old flag,
Bear loyal hearts and true.
And far away o'er hill and valley
The Southern host was spread,
And with their countless camp fires
The cloudy sky was red.

IV.

Right glad were we when o'er the gloom
The rays of morning reign,
And saw Aurora robe in light
The hills, and stream and plain.
Then beat of drums and cannons roar
The grave-like stillness broke,
And with one start, and with one shout,
The Northern army woke.
And far away to left and right
Where'er the vision came,
So dazzling shone bayonet, sword and lance,
The armies seemed on flame.
And far away o'er Southern hills
Well could the Northmen spy
Long moving clouds of swarthy dust
Loom up along the sky.
And nearer still, and nearer,
We saw the black whirlwind come,
With loud, glorious trumpet clang,
And stormy roll of drum.
But little time had we to gaze,
On the storm, or Aurora's rays,
And mark her beams on armor shine,
For we were ordered into line.
Right swift each leader drew his brand
While eyes like lightnings glow,
And shouted forth his stern command—
“Advance upon the foe.”

V.

Now, with banners spread and clamors dread,
Either host to gory slaughter sped ;
Like a mighty torrent, broad and strong,
The Northern army roll'd along
 With glorious trumpet peal.
Like the roar of the sullen deep,
When o'er her howling tempests sweep,
And on the shores her billows leap,
"Till huge rocks groan and reel.
And thunders the while their revel keep
 With the fell storm below ;
So with awful tumult vast and deep,
Adown the mountains dark and steep
 Rushed on the foaming foe,
By thousands, horse and foot, they came,
With brandished steel and hearts on flame,
 To the ghastly work of death ;
And their loud savage wild acclaim,
 E'en drown'd the trumpet's breath.

VI.

The furious armies met like clouds,
 Driven by contending storms,
When they come surcharged with thunder,
 And lightnings robe their forms.
Columns of smoke hid plain and hill,
 No eye the sun could scan,
And like rivers beneath their feet
 The gory torrents ran
But onward, onward, still they rushed,
 And wilder grew the din
Of hissing shot and bursting shell,
 And roaring culverin.
And awful was the clash of steel,
 And fierce the war-horns peal'd,
And fast in hellish tumult
 To and fro the armies reel'd.
As before contending tempests
 Is toss'd the howling ocean,
So to and fro the battle rock'd
 In dire, fierce commotion.
And thicker still, and thicker,
 Came down the iron rain,
Screaming, bursting, down it came,
 And hid the field with slain.
And fast o'er their slaughter'd comrades
 The hinder columns flow'd,
'Mid sulphurous gloom they rushed,
 Save when the mortars glow'd.
And louder than the canons' roar,

And horrid burst of shell,
And armor's clang and horses' tramp
Was heard the dying yell.

VII.

As down the mountains bleak and hoar
Impetuous torrents leap and roar,
Increased by a thousand rushing rills,
They thunder down the echoing hills
To the vales below, then o'er the plain
Rush foaming to the raging main,
So battalion on battalion came,

With promiscuous sound
Still rushing 'mid the awful gloom

Of that affray profound.

As when fell Boreas blows and brings
The winter on his icy wings;
Fast from the clouds the sheets of snow
Deseend, and hide the fields below,
So thick, so fast the batteries round
Pour'd shot and shell with horrid sound,
So thick were driven o'er the crowds,
The screeching, burning iron clouds,
And as autumnal leaves are strew'd
Before the tempest wild and rude,
As snow beside the mountain dun
Is wasted by the summer sun,
So thick, so fast the squadrons fell

Before each fatal roar,
And whole ranks were hurl'd to atoms
Amid a sea of gore.

VIII.

But deeper still the combat grew

Along the hill and vale;

And faster still the showers flew

Of burning iron hail.

Our ranks were backward driven

Before the Southern tide,

Like chaff before the winds of heaven

We flew on every side.

As ocean's foaming waves are whirl'd

From the strong swarthy coast,

So we were broken, backward hurl'd

Before the Southern host.

Like wolves upon a flying fold

The foes came howling on;

Ay, hard upon our broken rear

The Southern bayonet shone.

"All, alas, is lost," each soldier said,

And shrieking, panting flew,

As in one seething mass we fled.

The horrors rose anew.
Beneath the strong the weak were thrown,
Bruised by their comrades' tread,
And far along the field was strown
With dying and with dead.

IX.

It is a dread and awful hour
When all by dust conceal'd,
Two armies meet to try their power
On fair and open field.
It is a dreadful thing to hear,
The first dread shock of war;
E'en earth doth seem to groan with fear,
And rock beneath the jar.
Like tempests on the armies go,
And burn with one desire,
Though cannon roar and mortars pour
Their blast of steel and fire;
The horses neigh, the trumpets bray,
And rolls the stormy drum;
While with banners spread to ghastly death,
The frantic thousands come.
Oft doth the soldier hear the groan,
And sighs, as 'neath his heel,
He treads some comrade of his own,
Pierced by the foeman's steel
All, all around is carnage drear,
Is horror and dismay,
And there's a dim, infernal glare,
And dire yells in upper air,
As though the hosts of hell were there,
Waging a ghastly fray.

X.

Ay, awful is the hour of fight,
And terrible to see,
Yet still more awful is the flight,
Greater far the horrors be
When from a ruthless victor foe,
The vanquished thousands fly:
All crowded in a mass they go,
And groan, and bleed and die.
Then not a hand is stretched to save,
One toil-worn mortal from the grave,
For all around is fear.
Like the frail reed borne down the wave,
That rushes to a darksome cave.
Is each poor mortal there.
In vain for mercy thousands call,
As on the gory earth they fall,

And there all trampled lie.
In vain the thousands shriek for aid,
For them no comrade's step is stay'd,
To succor is to die.
Terror and discord lead the van,
And ruin stalks behind,
And on their rear their cause of fear,
Comes like a burning wind,
Yes, let the shock of battle come,
With all its clash of steel;
Ay, sound the fife, and beat the drum,
Let all the war-horns peal;
Let not a cannon's mouth be dumb,
And swift their strength reveal.
Let all the noise of battle rise,
And blend in one great roar,
And thicker far than driving hail
Let bullets round us pour;
And we are safer 'mid the storm,
However stern the fight,
Than 'mid the wild terrors that deform
Such an unearthly flight.

XI.

Onward we went in dreadful race,
By all the foes pursued;
Onward swept the flight and chase,
Through glen and mountain wood,
Till 'mid the host, a voice was heard—
A voice as trumpet loud—
And on a steed a form was seen,
High o'er the flying crowd.
No voice, among the sons of men,
But his could stop that flight;
Like magic through the ranks it ran,
Through that wild ghastly sight.
"Ho! back, ye cowards! back!" he cried;
"What, flying from the foe
While on the verge of victory?
Turn, and smite them low!
Back, for the land that gave you birth,
Your children and your wives,
And those dear ones who suckled ye,
And give away your lives!
Take no quarter, and give none;
Rush like a burning wind;
Terror shall fly before your path
And ruin stalk behind!
Let the winds that pass o'er your graves
Tell other climes and years:
Freemen ye lived and died—and love

Shall wet your tomb with tears !"
 From man to man, from rank to rank,
 His words like lightning flew ;
 They nerved the meanest coward's soul
 And woke the war anew.
 McClellan comes ! McClellan comes !
 The army shouted round,
 And far away, the rocky hills
 Returned the joyous sound.
 Then like a fell destroying storm,
 Back on the foes we bore,
 And gave three cheers, which stunn'd Lee's ears,
 And drown'd the battle's roar.
 Like a meteor, from rank to rank,
 Our gallant leader flew ;
 Where'er the dauntless hero went
 Right fierce the onslaught grew,
 Where'er the hottest battle raged,
 The gallant chief was seen,
 His visage pale as is the corpse,
 His eyes as lightning sheen,
 His words fell like the dews of heaven
 Upon a parching land ;
 They urged the strong to deathless deeds,
 And nerved the weakest hand ;
 On ! gallant Ricketts. On ! he cried,
 And take yon mountain ridge ;
 And Burnside—fight on, fight on,
 And keep the gory Bridge,
 At every order that he gave,
 At every burning word
 From all his fighting host around,
 A mighty shout was heard.

XII.

Then loudly fierce Magruder swore,
 And fiery Jackson storm'd,
 And on like devils to the fray
 The Southern cohorts swarm'd.
 In their midst, on a sn.w-white steed,
 Their sturdy Lee was seen ;
 His voice was like the rising gale
 That stirs the forest green.
 And like a flashing meteor,
 That shines through night afar,
 His flaming sword was waving high,
 Amid the clud of war.
 His soul was a lion clad with wings ;
 He drank joy in with the breath
 Of fierce, tumultuous battle,
 And the gloomy dust of death.
 "On ! on ! to glory, or the tomb !"

He cried—" Ye true and brave ;

On, for Liberty and Laws,
 Or fill a freeman's grave.
 Press on ! press on ! till every man
 Lies piled amidst the slaughter,
 And none are left to bury us,
 Save mother, wife or daughter."
 From band to band that stark command,
 Like forked lightning passed ;
 And then lance, and bayonet, and sword,
 Rushed on in numbers vast.
 And then a mighty shout arouse
 From the Southern multitude,
 Like the noise of fell blasts that drive
 Through some wild ancient wood.
 On Hill and Longstreet roaring flew,
 'Mid shrouds of smoke and iron rain,
 And with ten thousand snorting steeds,
 Fierce Stuart dashed amain.
 Though on they came like a heaving flood,
 Proudly we met the shock ;
 Aye, still with bristling front we stood,
 As solid as a rock.
 But faster still the mortars round
 Belched forth their awful thunder ;
 Peal on peal they crashing roar'd,
 'Till earth seem'd rent asunder.
 And thick, like burning, driving clouds,
 The bullets sped through air ;
 From host to host they hissing flew
 Upon their dread career.
 The hoarded thunders of all time,
 Pealing old Earth's decay,
 Will but a low, faint whisper be
 To the roaring of that fray.

XIII.

Now to the right of the Southern might,
 Before a narrow pass,
 A strong and mighty battery stood—
 Long rows of hollow brass ;
 Tier upon tier, tube behind tube,
 The ghastly entrance kept
 Of that dark vale, and in their wombs
 A thousand thunders slept
 But we paused not here our columns,
 To catch a moment's breath ;
 Though the road before was leading o'er
 To the grisly jaws of death.
 For naught could daunt the Northern soul !
 Like a river red and large,
 Upon that Southern battery
 We made a furious charge.

Onward we rushed to take the mound,
Though all its cannon roar'd,
And red hot iron on our ranks
Down like a deluge pour'd.
Still pressing onward to the mound
The Northern squadrons came,
Through wasting storms of shot and shell,
And through sulphurous flame.
Aye, in vain the mortars pour'd
Their floods of steel and fire ;
Still, onward to the mound we drew,
Nigher still, and nigher,
Until slaughter'd battalions fill'd
The ghastly trenches round,
And bore their stern avengers o'er
To the hated Southern mound ;
Then hand to hand, in mortal fray,
The Northmen met their foes,
Blood streamed for blood, death came for death,
And blows were heap'd on blows.
Fast heads, trunks, and quivering limbs,
Splashed in the crimson tide,
And many a strong soldier fell
His foeman's corse beside.

XIV.

As the swollen flood of Nile,
That overflows its banks,
So, o'er the bristling battlement,
Poured in the Northern ranks ;
And fast besiegers and besieged
Were mingling in a mass,
When in fell rout the Southern bands
Went flying up the pass.
Fast up the gloomy winding vale
Their horrid flight they poured,
While at their heels the Northmen flew,
With gory, dripping sword.
But as we flew, alas ! we drew
Within the jaws of hell,
For the foes had batteries on hills
That overlooked the dell,
And suddenly upon us came
An awful storm of shell,
Such a roar and blaze of lightning
From off those mountains came,
They seem'd like fell volcanos wrapt
In one stupendous flame.
It seemed, as though the demons
Had risen against us then,
And brought the guns of hell to bear

Upon the march of men.
Upon us fast a hundred guns
Belched forth their iron rain ;
The vale was dyed with human gore,
And piled with heaps of slain.
Born away on the battle cloud
That path their spirits trod,
That dark and awful path that leads
To the judgment-seat of God.
Unceasing the fell volleys roared,
And fast the iron flew,
'Till night o'er that unearthly scene
Her sable mantle threw.
O'er the world a sullen darkness fell,
Dread chaos all conceal'd,
Darkness horrible as all hell
Hid sky, and hill, and field.

XV.

And never night so welcome yet
E'er came to mortal man,
Or came to hide a battle field
Since this vast world began.
For, from sunrise until sunset,
That battle had not ceased,
Nor had a warrior paused to rest,
Save those whom death released
Of that fierce toil, and those, alas !
Lay round in numbers vast,
Mountains of slain were heaped around
All gory and aghast.
There piled in common carnage lie,
Those whom mothers long shall mourn,
Those for whom orphans long shall grieve,
And widows weep forlorn.
Floating in blood, with slaughter'd steeds,
They cumber all the ground,
Or lie in the roaring waters,
Of red Antietam drown'd.
Yes, many a home within the land,
Some cherished one has there—
Whose form no more again they'll see,
Nor voice again they'll hear.
Nor can the news of victory,
One little hour beguile
The grief they bear, for those who sleep
On Antietam's carnage pile.

XVI.

Now comrades has a soldier told,
In numbers weak and slow,

How we at dread Antietam fought,
To crush rebellion low.
Had I a muse like that of yore
Who sung of Hector's fall,
Then would I wake a tune and take,
And hold your hearts in thrall.
Then would I tell how Rickett's storm'd,
And won the mountain ridge,
And how intrepid Burnside fought,
And kept the gory bridge.
Tell how they in triumph rear'd the flag,
The flag that oft had stood,
Waving o'er piles of foemen dead,
And fields of streaming blood.
Like a fire my song should roar,
Through the wild stubborn fray,
And paint McClellan 'midst the scenes
Of horror and dismay.
How he led each dire assault
And roll'd the war along
Should be my theme ; all his cannon
Thundering in my song.
Amidst the mighty works of war,
I'd paint the hero then
Such as he was ; a being shining
High o'er all other men ;
In the fierce battle's foremost line,
Should the bold hero stand,
Wrath and destruction in his look,
And lightning in his hand ;
Like Homer's Achilles when he rose
To meet the Trojan ire,
And rushed amidst ten thousand foes,
And made all Troy retire.

MY ELLENORE.

The rain pours down, the sky is dark,
Save when the lightnings flash,
The thunders roll, the billows stark,
Oft upon our plunging bark,
Come with a mighty dash.

My comrades all have gone to sleep,
And I am left alone,
To guide her through the raging deep,

And brave the storms that round me sweep
With sad and sullen moan.

But one thing here, amid this storm,
Has force to soothe my care,
Hath power to keep my spirit warm,
And cheer for aye my weary form,
Upon a night so drear.

'Tis thoughts of thee, thou cherished one,
My gentle Ellenore;
God of the tender, frail and lone,
To whom no prayer is breathed unknown,
Oh! guard her evermore,

Oh! keep Thou her from every ill
That doth beset mankind:
Almighty Father, at whose will,
The ocean tosses or lies still,
Keep her, body, soul and mind.

Oh! Thou who formed the trembling land,
And made the roaring sea,
Within whose strong eternal hand,
This world is as a grain of sand,
Who through all time shall be,

Teach her, through all her joy or pain,
Thou'rt God of all below;
And from the distant land or main,
Can'st bring the wanderer home again,
And soothe his deepest woe.

Teach her to trust in Thee alone—
As through life's vale of tears
She journey's on; let no harsh tone,
No angry look, disturb or gloom
The Sabbath of her years.

Father of all, at whose command,
Empires fall or rise,
Who hold'st the whirlwind in Thy hand,
Or bids it waste a trembling land,
Unknown to whom nought dies—

This night while she kneels before Thy throne.
May she by Thee be blest;
And when upon her pillow lone
Her weary head to sleep hath gone
Still gladden Thou her rest.

By day, by night, in joy or pain,
 Whate'er of woe betide,
 And whether, in this stormy main
 I sleep, or journey home again,
 God shield my promised bride.

TO IANTHE.

And so at last the die is cast,
 And you and I must sever—
 With all my heart, for my own part,
 I hope 'twill be forever.

You need not cry, nor heave a sigh,
 For human love is fickle,
 And yours and mine, though once divine,
 Has proved like glass as brittle.

Why shed a tear that's not sincere?
 Ours are no more beguiling;
 They do not start from the inward heart,
 So we shall part a smiling.

Since his race began, too frail was man
 For constant love and wooing,
 They will deceive all who believe
 So has man been ever doing.

Aye, through all time, in every clime,
 They've been deceivers ever;
 One hand on gold and one on mold;
 To one thing constant never.

And women, too, have been untrue,
 To those who loved them dearly;
 Many a wife has saddened life,
 Aye, made it dull and dreary.

And since true love doth seldom move
 Within this world of ours,
 We'er not the first to break and burst
 The vows of bygone hours.

So let us part with gladsome heart,
 All grief and anguish smother ;
 Your love is dead, and mine has fled,
 The love we bore each other.

POETS.

Poets are a wild, mysterious race,
 The world is all their own ;
 They throw a darkness o'er the brightest place,
 And make fair the drear and lone ;
 Their paths are on the bellowing ocean,
 And by the mountain's side,
 They give to dead things strength, life and motion,
 Where others vainly tried.
 'Tis theirs the power to soothe the saddest soul,
 And make it smile at woe ;
 And over joy a mirky cloud to roll,
 Making tears of pity flow.
 'Tis theirs the power to raise the grovelling mind
 To grand and noble things,
 Waft it to virtue's realm, pure, refined,
 As though on angel's wings.
 By them, on glory's glowing deathless page,
 The warrior lives enshrined,
 His sorrows and his joys, from age to age,
 Are sung to human kind.
 They are a mighty and a godlike race,
 And mortals own their power ;
 Their fame and glory outlive time and place
 And earth's loftiest tower.
 They are a wandering and a wayward throng,
 Careless of their weal or woes,
 Their fancy with the whirlwind sweeps along,
 Or with the lightning glows.
 'Tis said the ravens mourn when the war-clad
 Conqueror yields his breath ;
 But all mute and living things on earth are sad
 And mourn the Poet's death.

PHTHISIS.

There's a dread and dire disease—
 A scourge amongst the race of clay ;
 It rides on every blast and breeze ;
 O'er all the world it holds its sway.
 A disease that makes sleep and rest
 Unrefreshing to the human frame ;

That makes it ever feel oppressed
With some dull sense it cannot name;
Which paints with transient bloom the cheeks,
A beautiful, yet morbid glow—
Like those red, unnatural streaks,
The perished leaves of Autumn show;
And gives, at times, the sunken eye
Most strange, unearthly gleams of light,
And spreads pallor o'er the forehead high,
Like the corpse's hue of ghastly white;
But cheerful leaves the mind—no pall
Dims or clouds its horizon fair;
It, aye, culls fresh rays of hope from all
The ghastly causes of despair.
A dread disease, that so prepares
Its victim, as it were, for death;
Its mortal parts of grossness clears,
Yet thick and heavy makes the breath;
And round familiar features throws
Aspects and shades refined and strange—
Dread, unearthly signs, marks, forms, shows,
And tokens of the coming change,
A dread disease, whose strong embrace
Though twined so tenderly at first—
Scarce a victim on the earth's broad face
Can from its fatal bondage burst.
A dread disease, in which the war
Between the body and the soul
Is so gradual, quiet, sure,
And solemn in its onward roll,
That day by day, and grain by grain,
The mortal atoms waste away,
So that the soul grows light and fain
To feel its lightening load decay;
And, feeling immortality
At hand, with all its glory rife,
Feels a wild thrill of ecstasy—
Deems it a new term of mortal life;
A disease in which life and death, aye,
So strangely blend, and seem the same,
That death takes life's glow, and hue, and ray,
And life, death's gaunt and grisly frame.

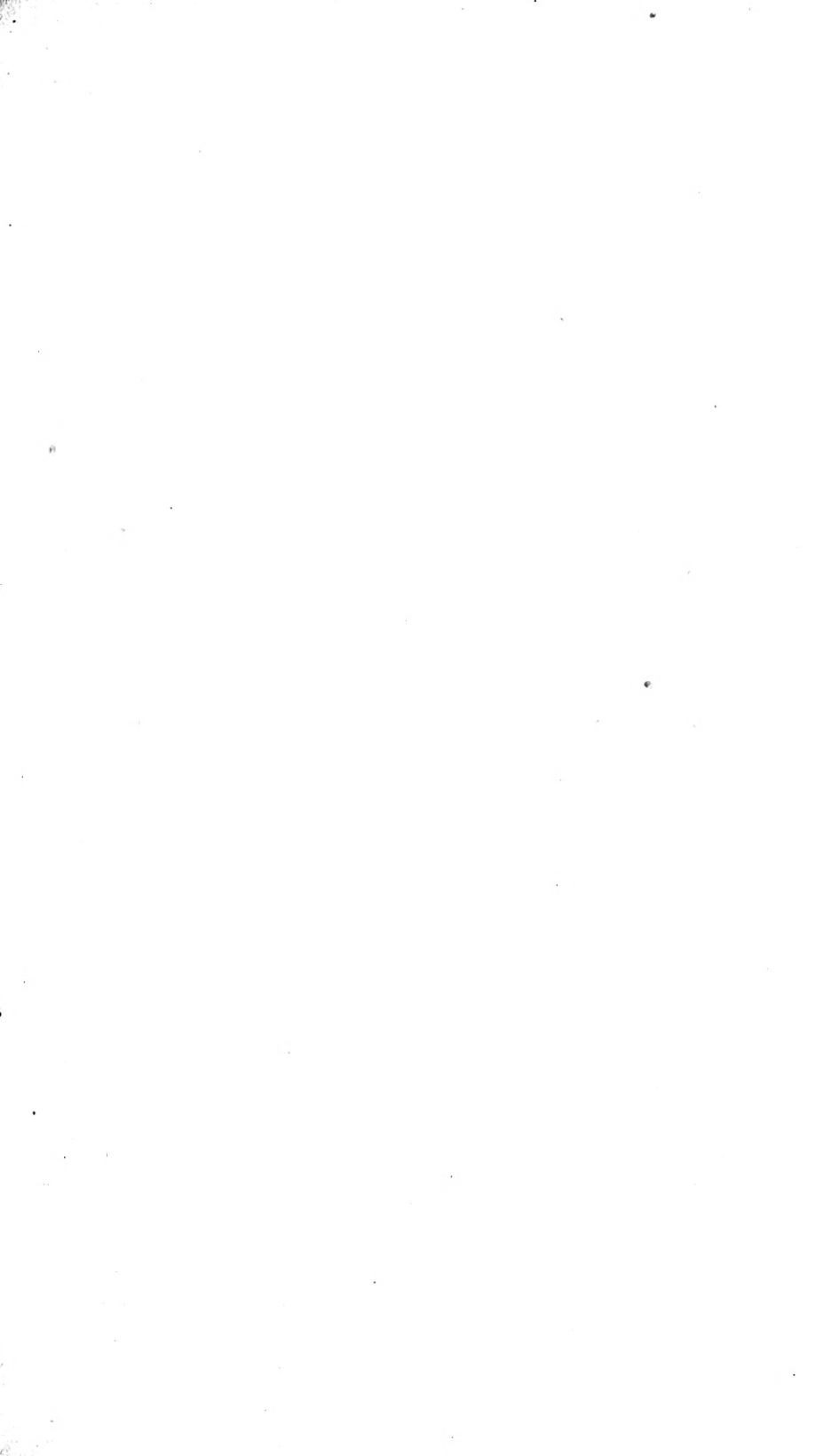
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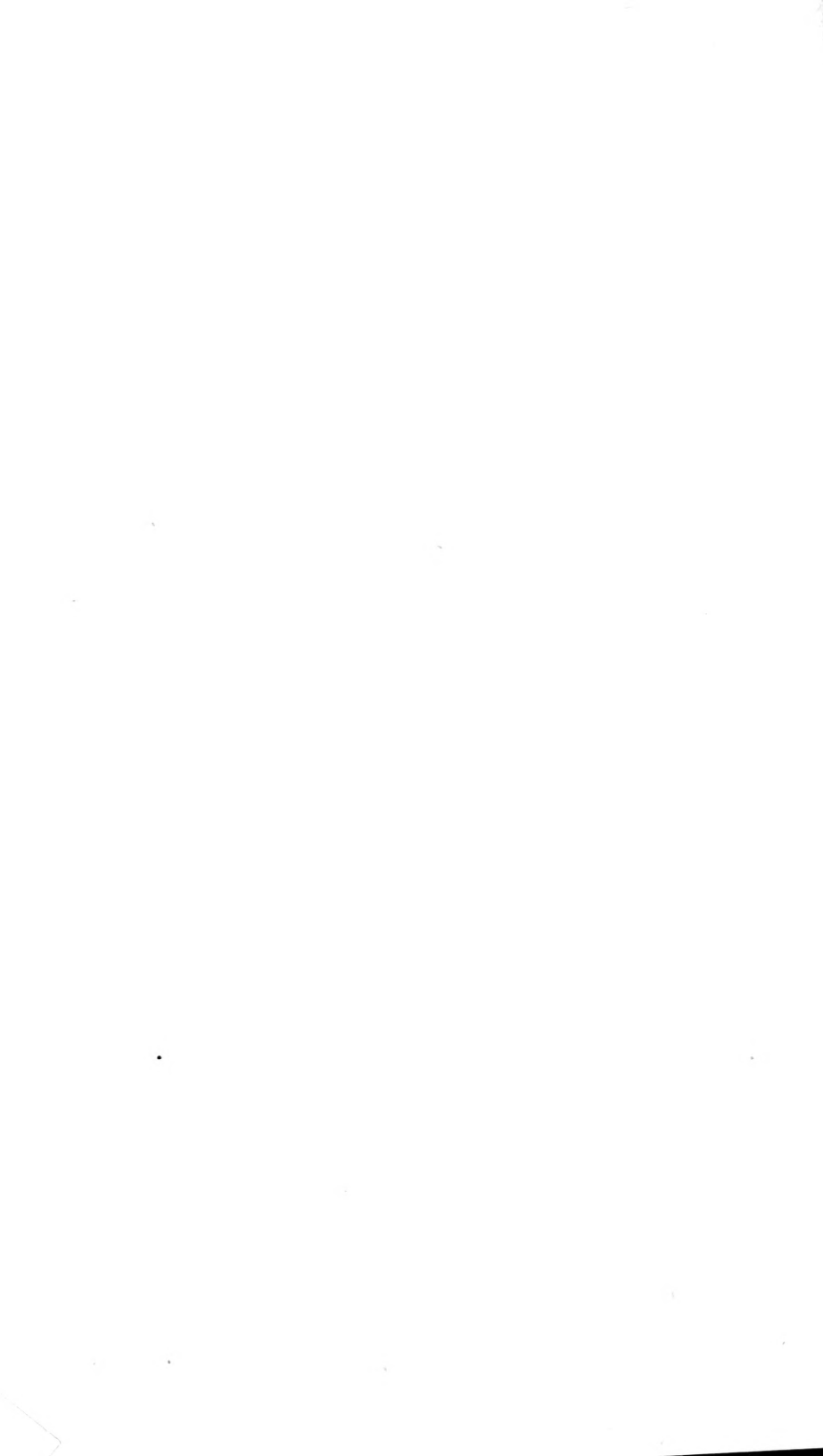
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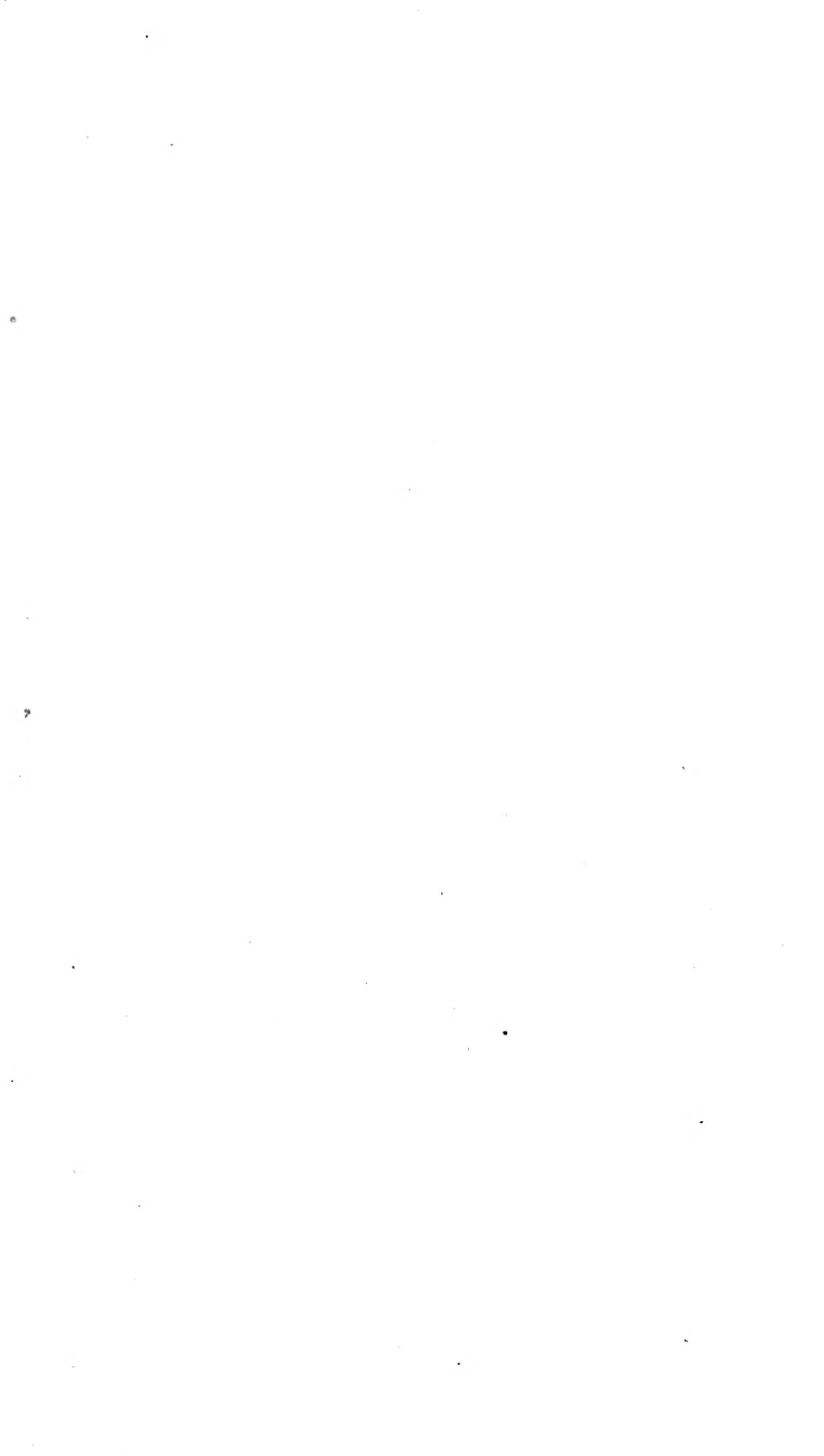
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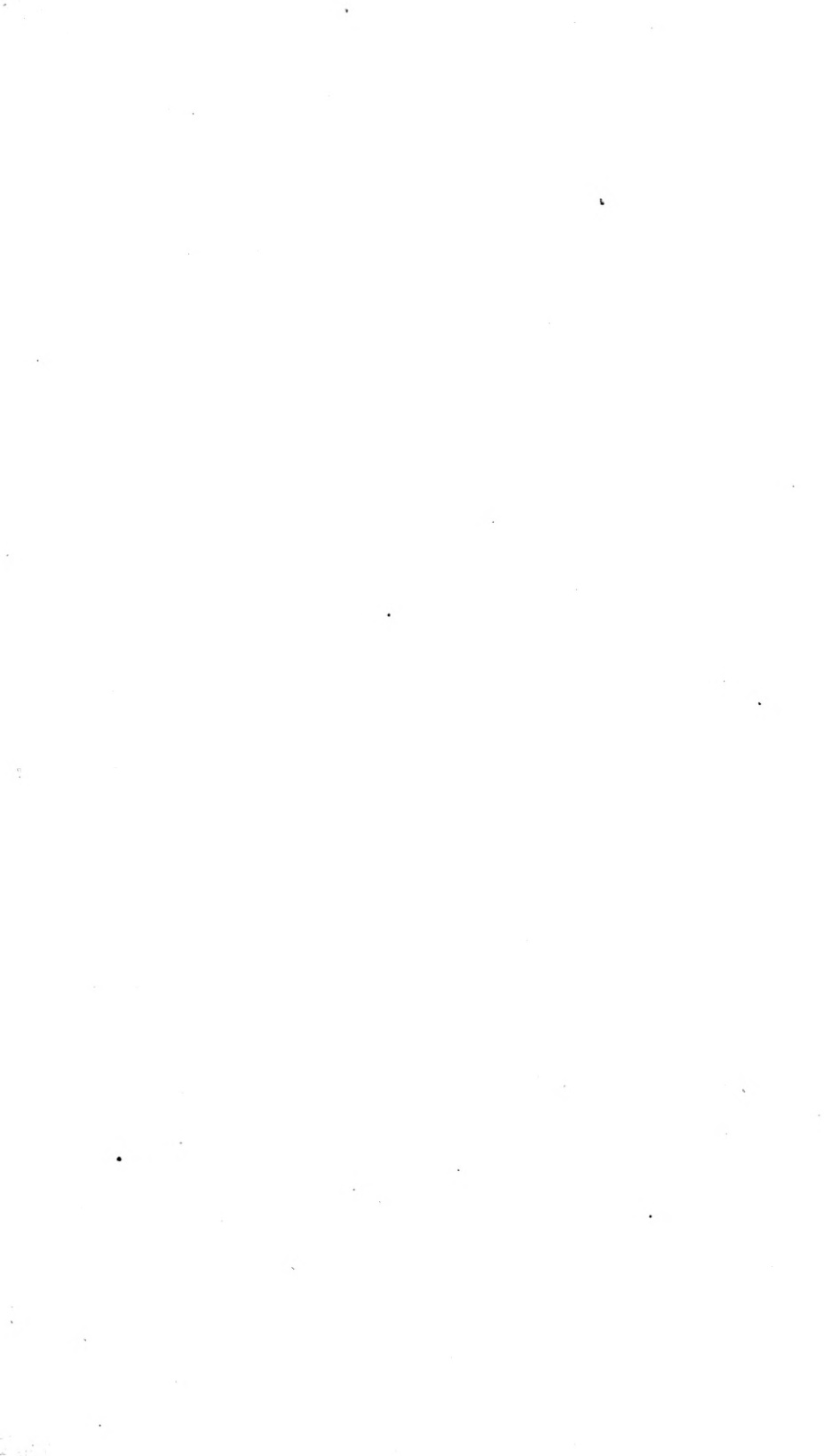


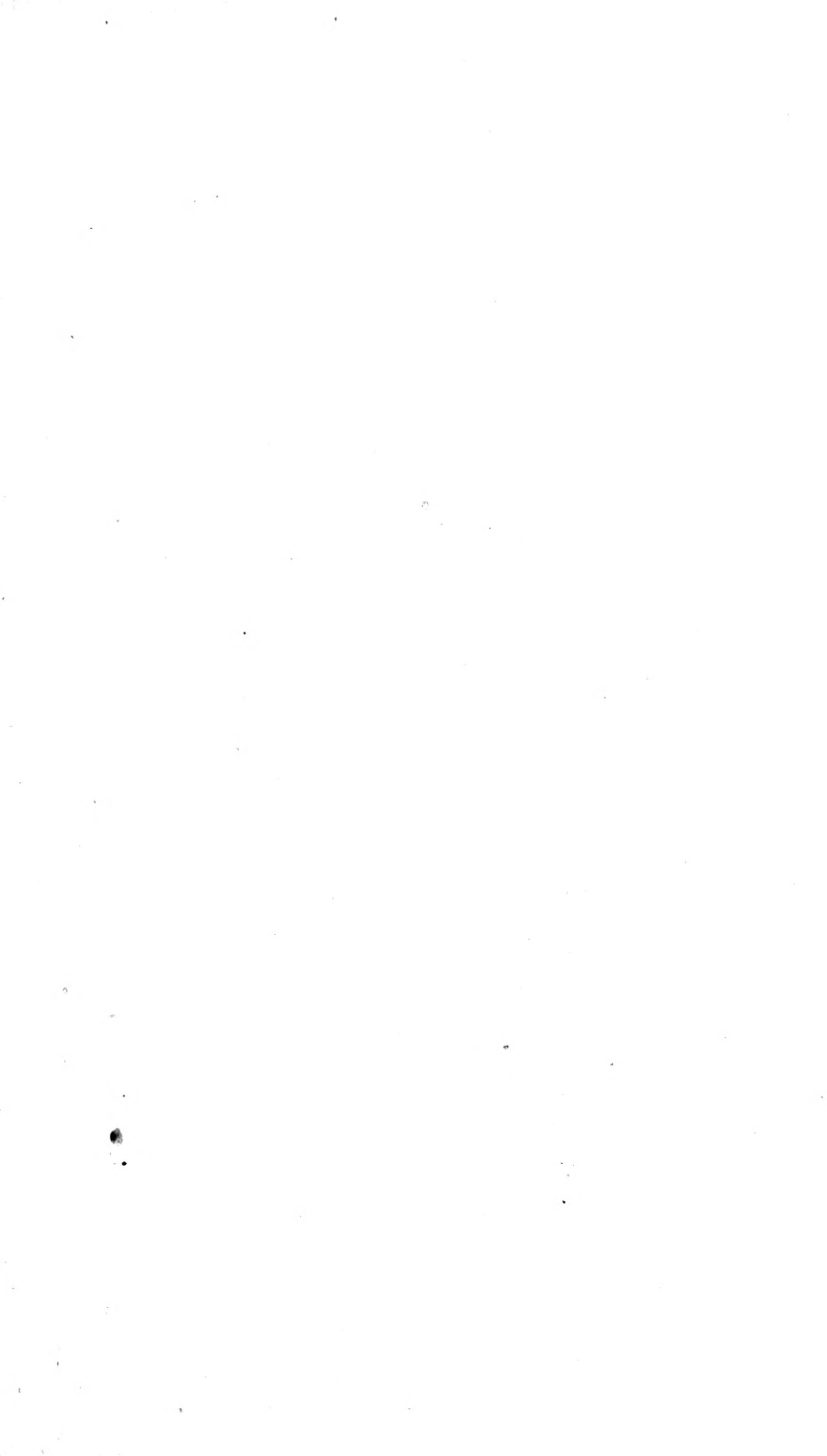


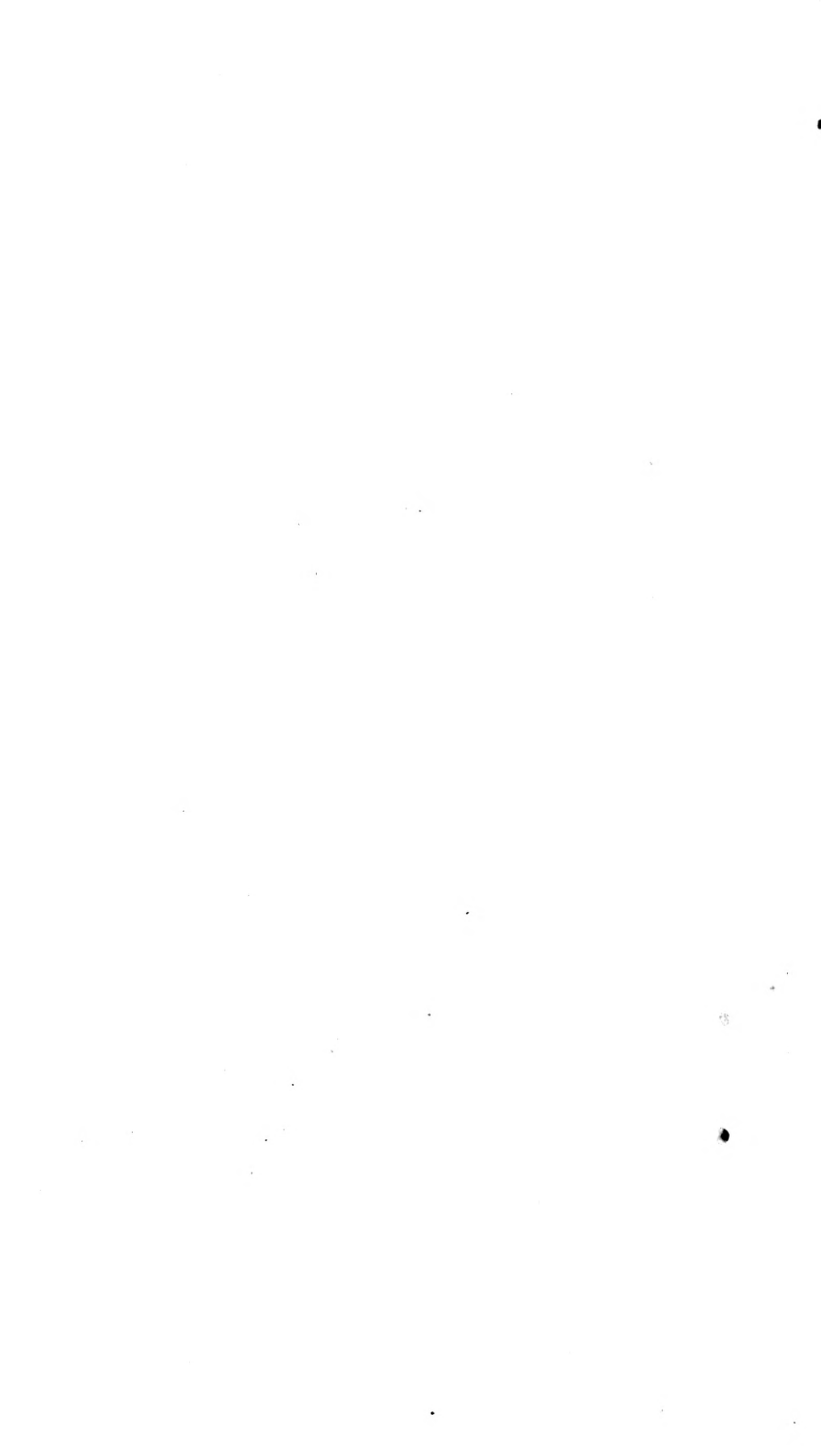






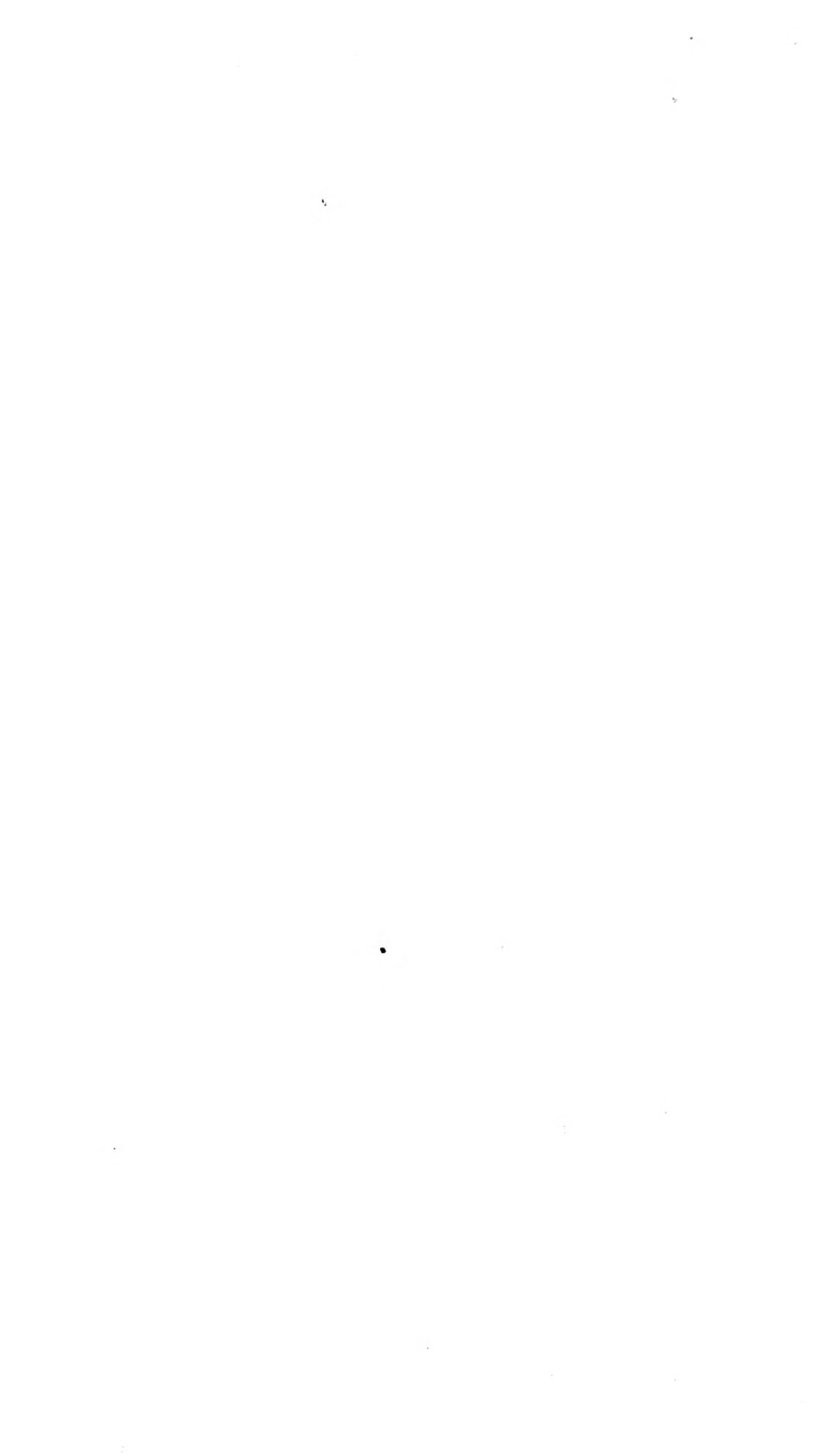














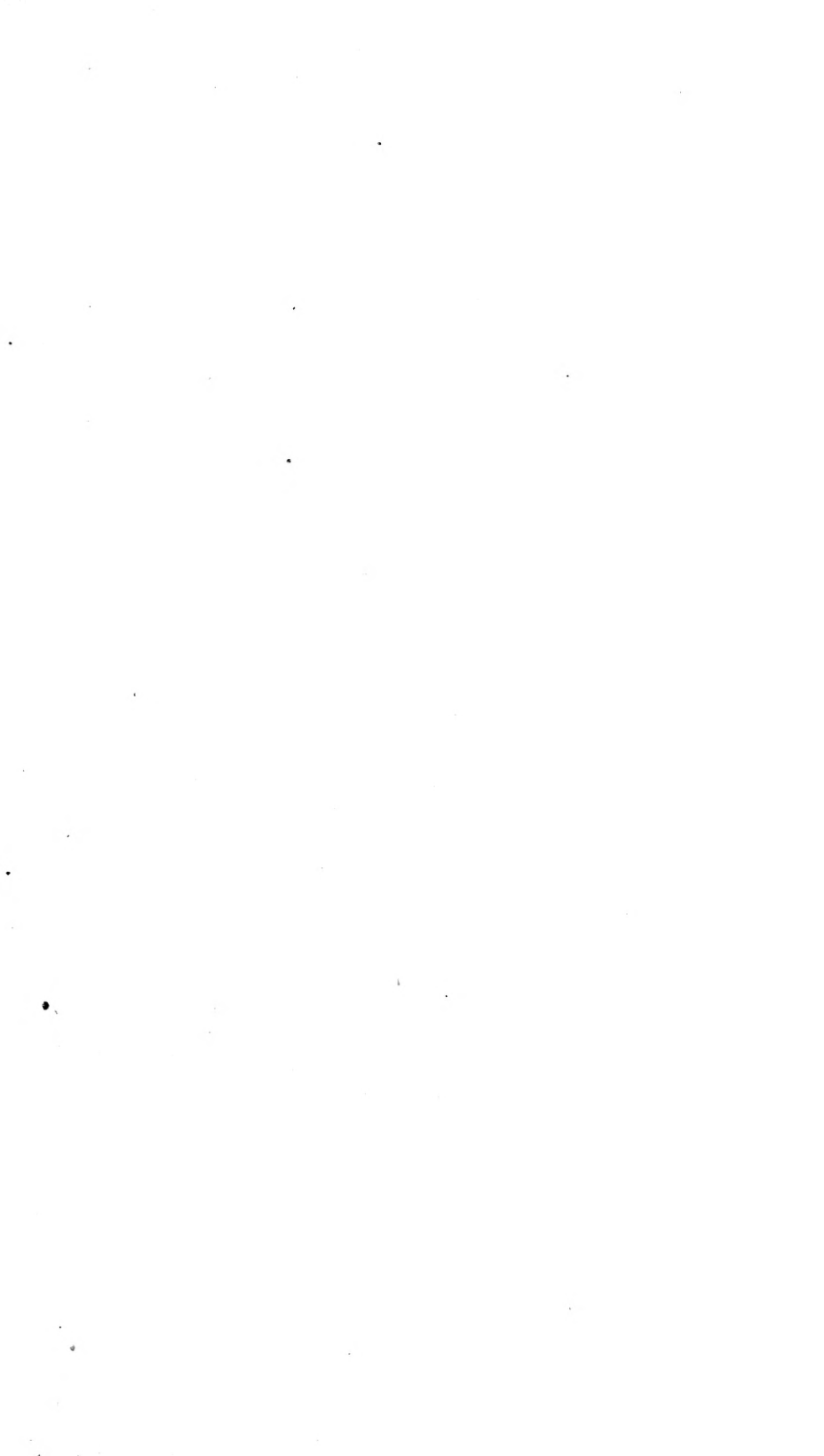


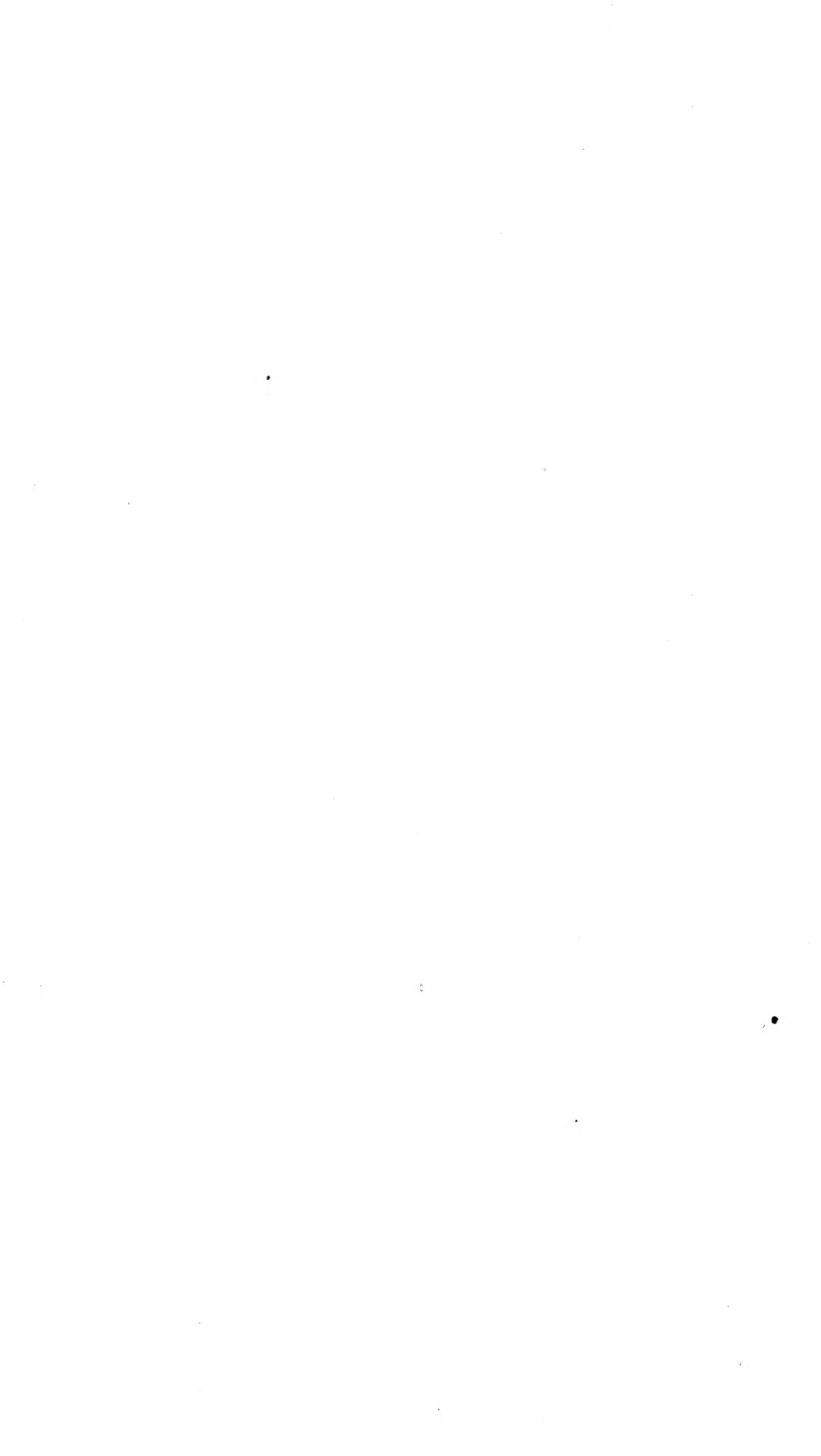










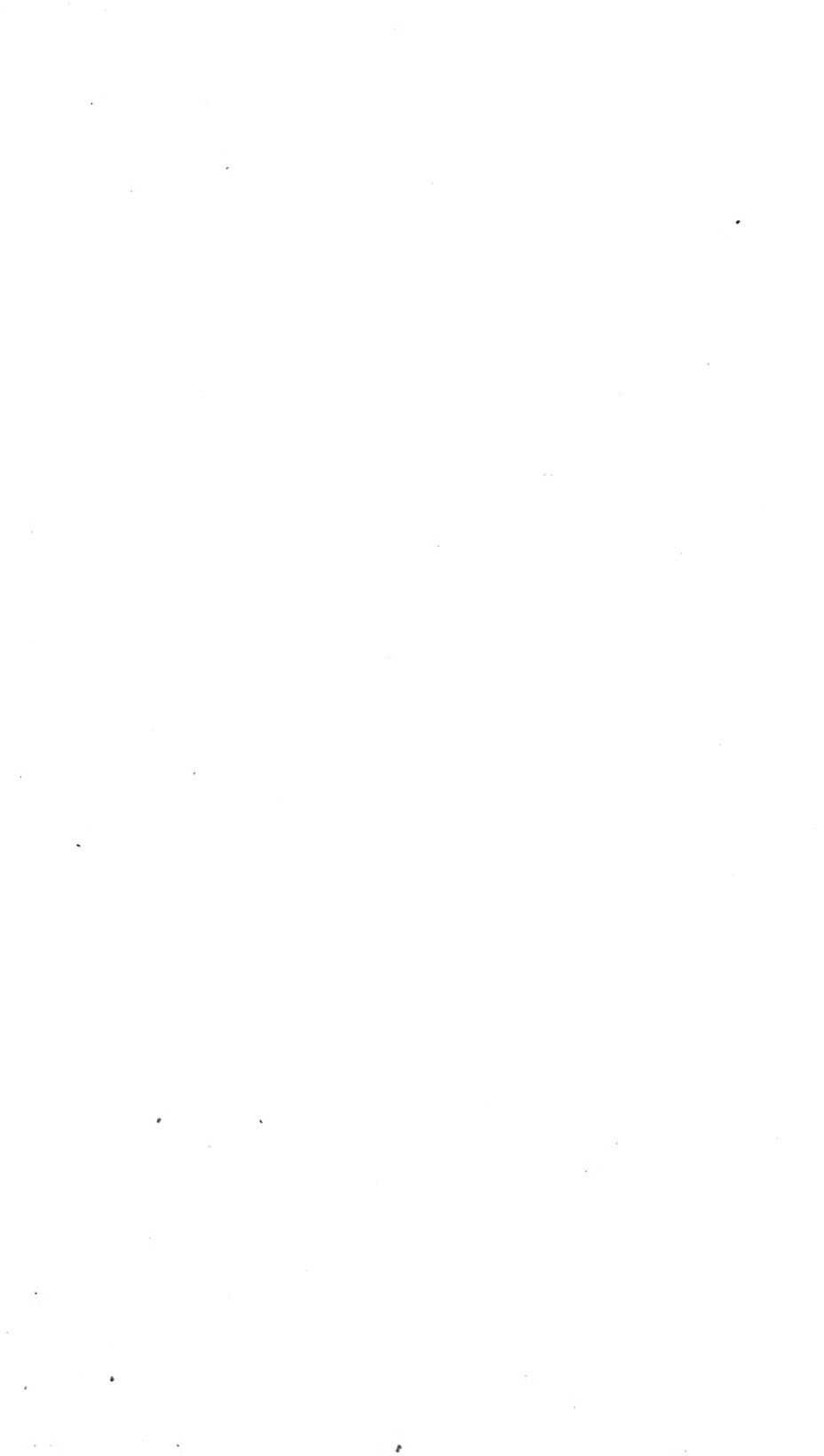




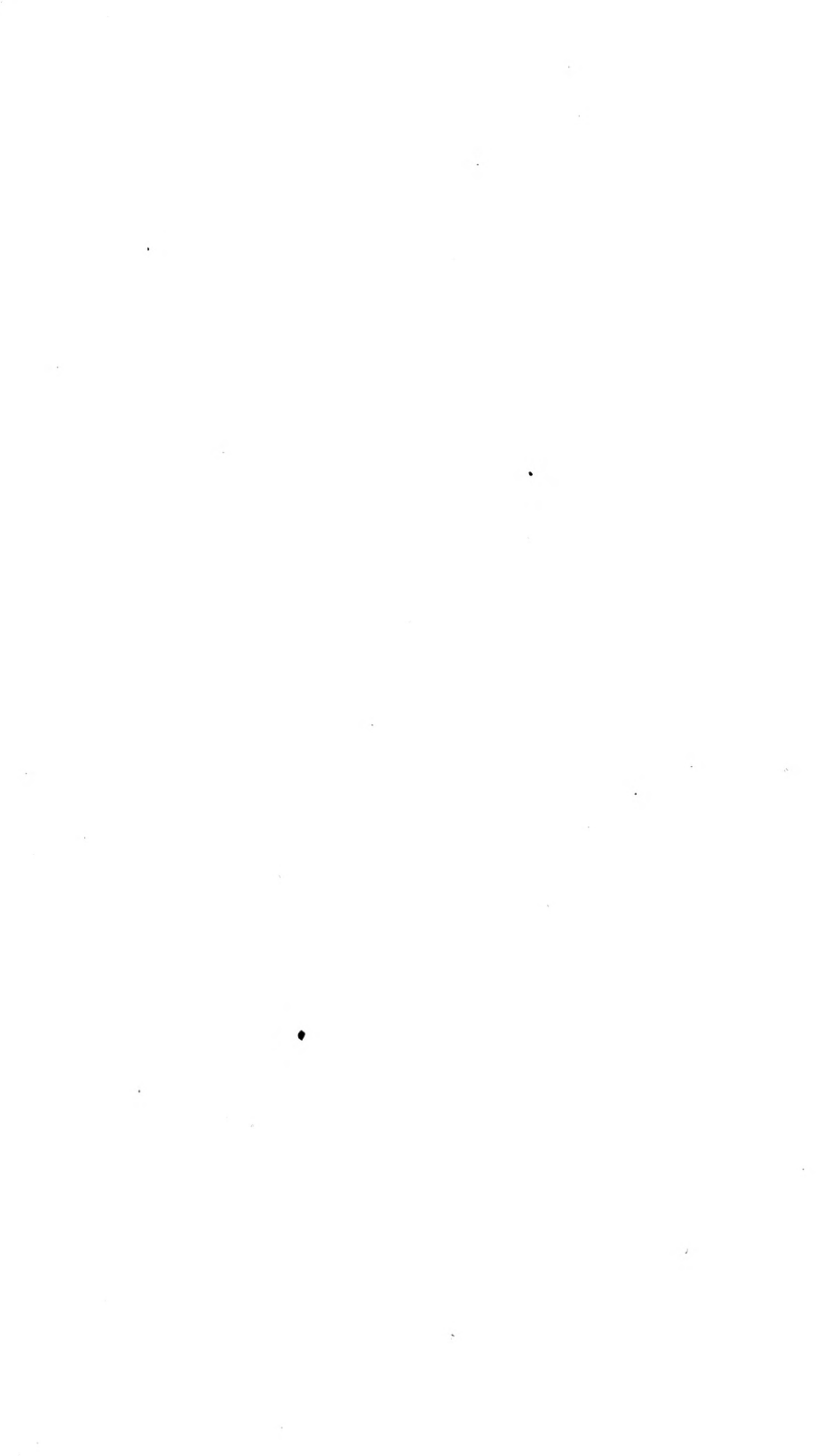


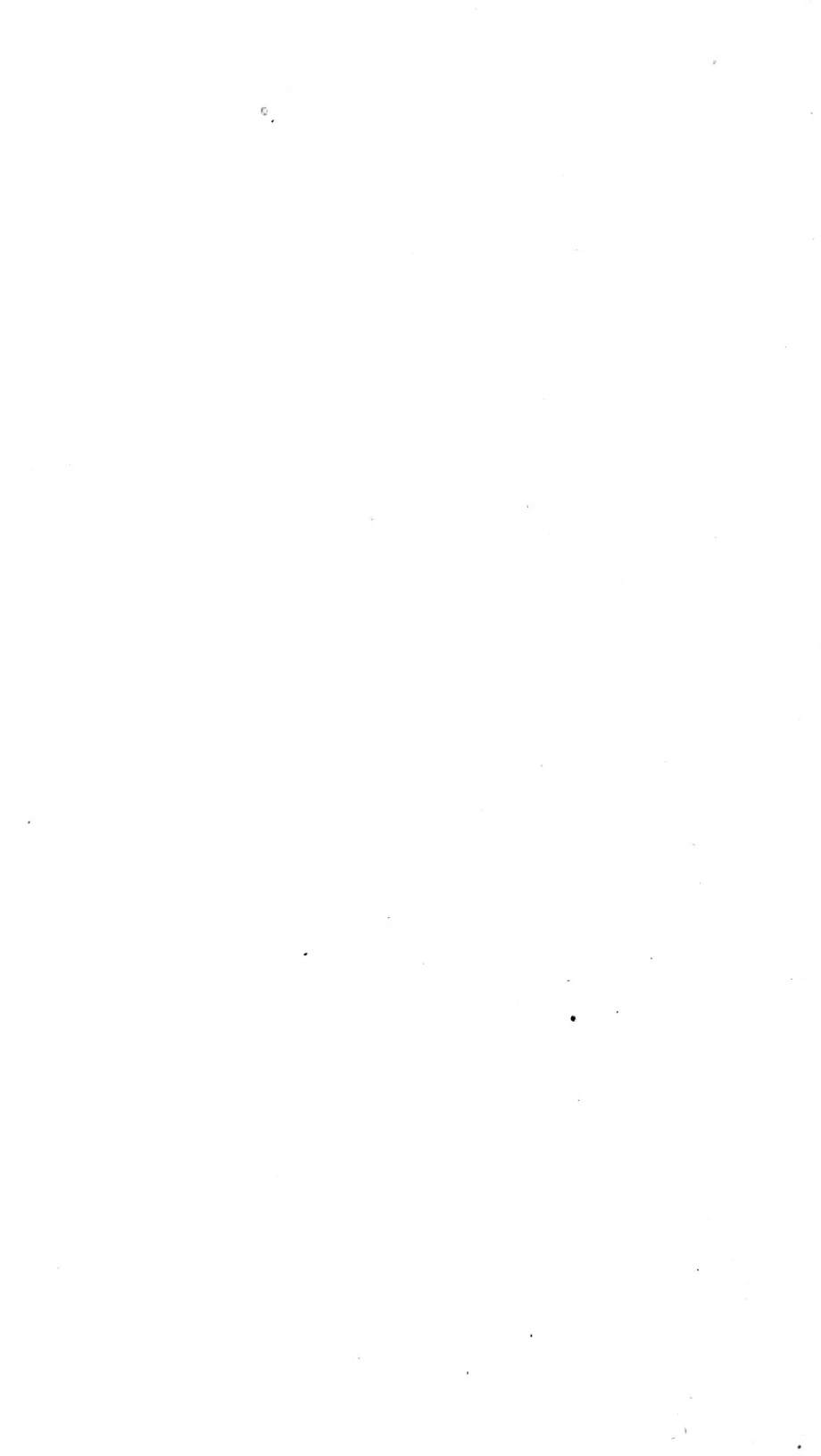




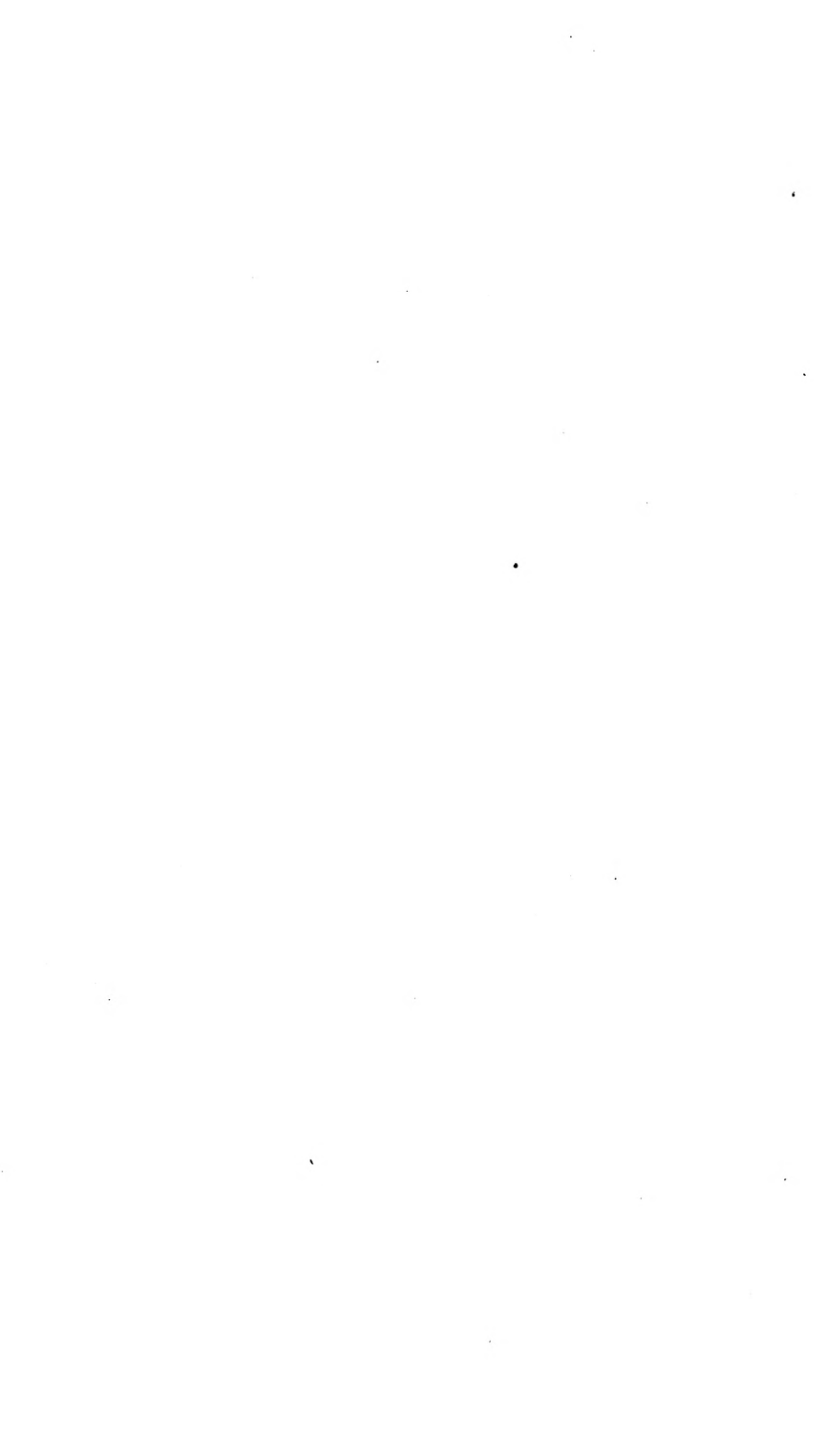






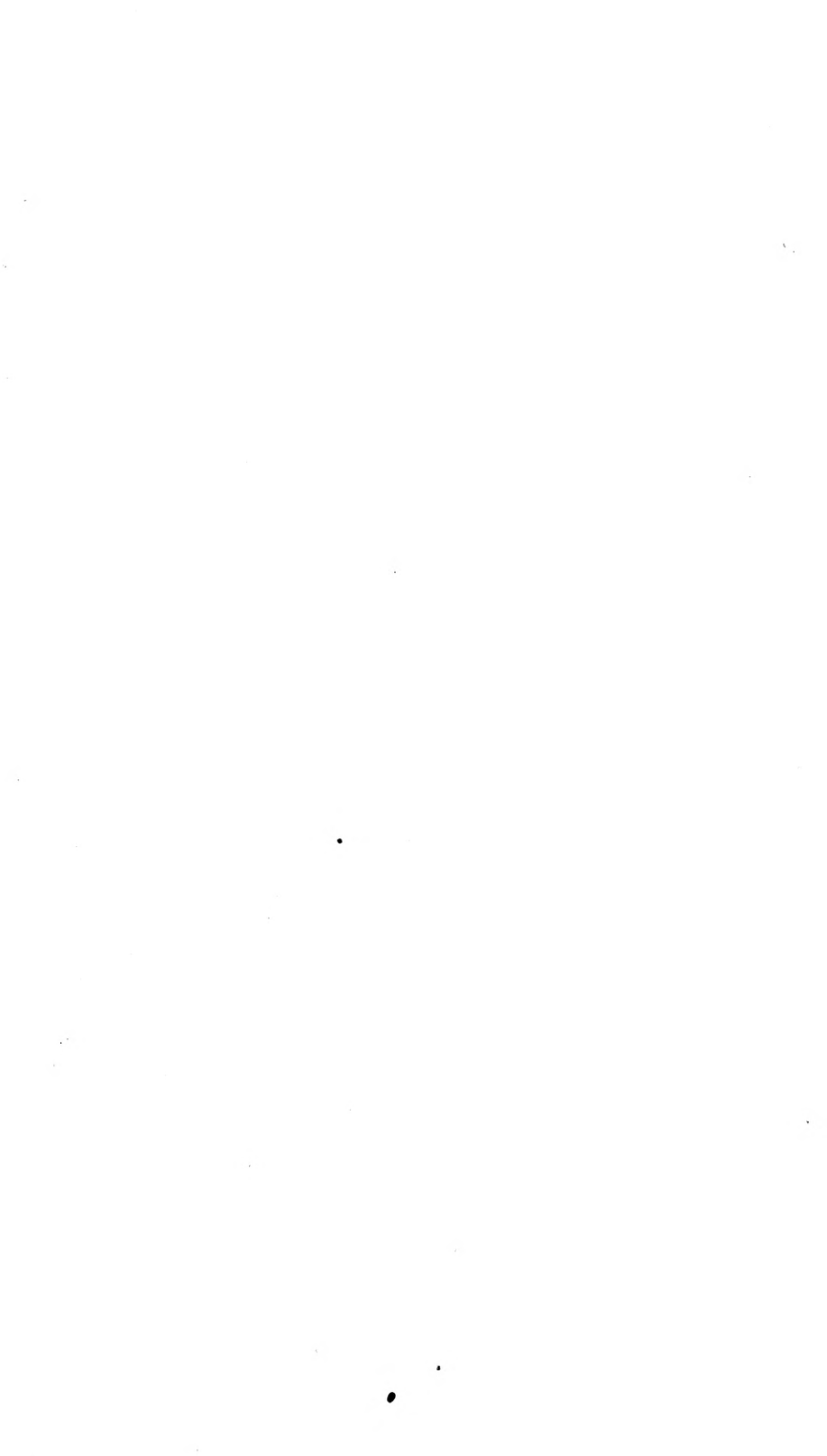






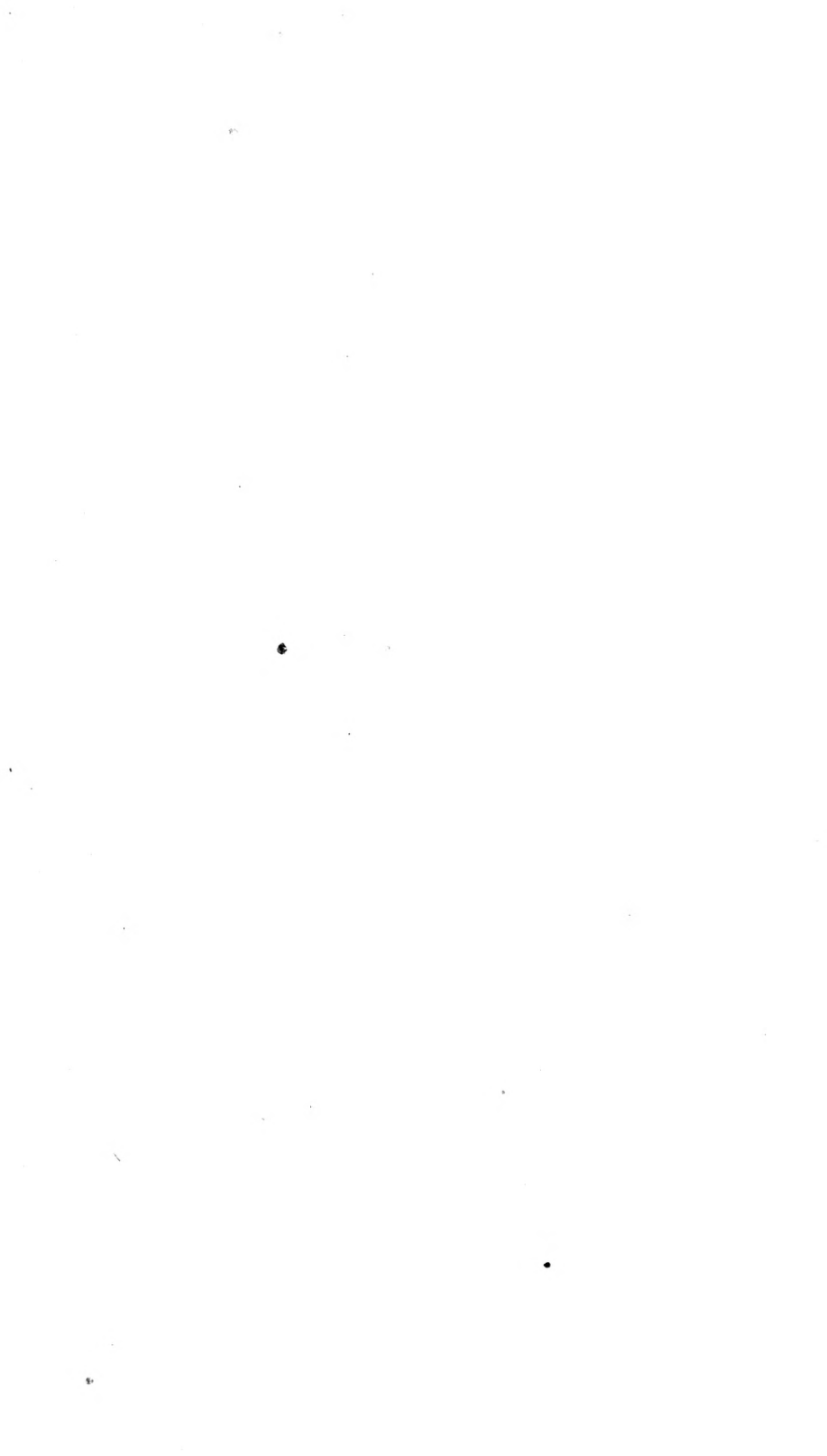


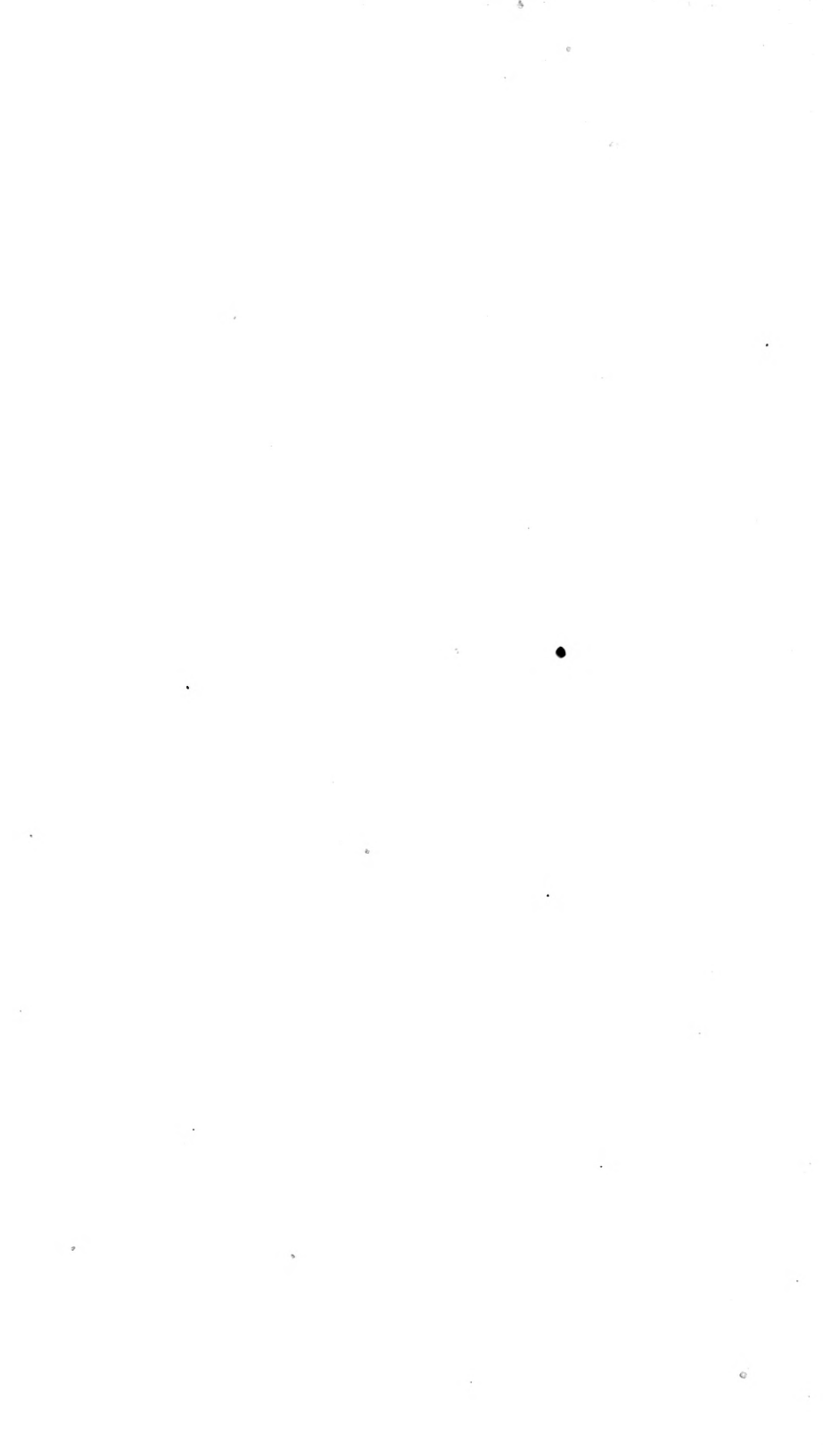


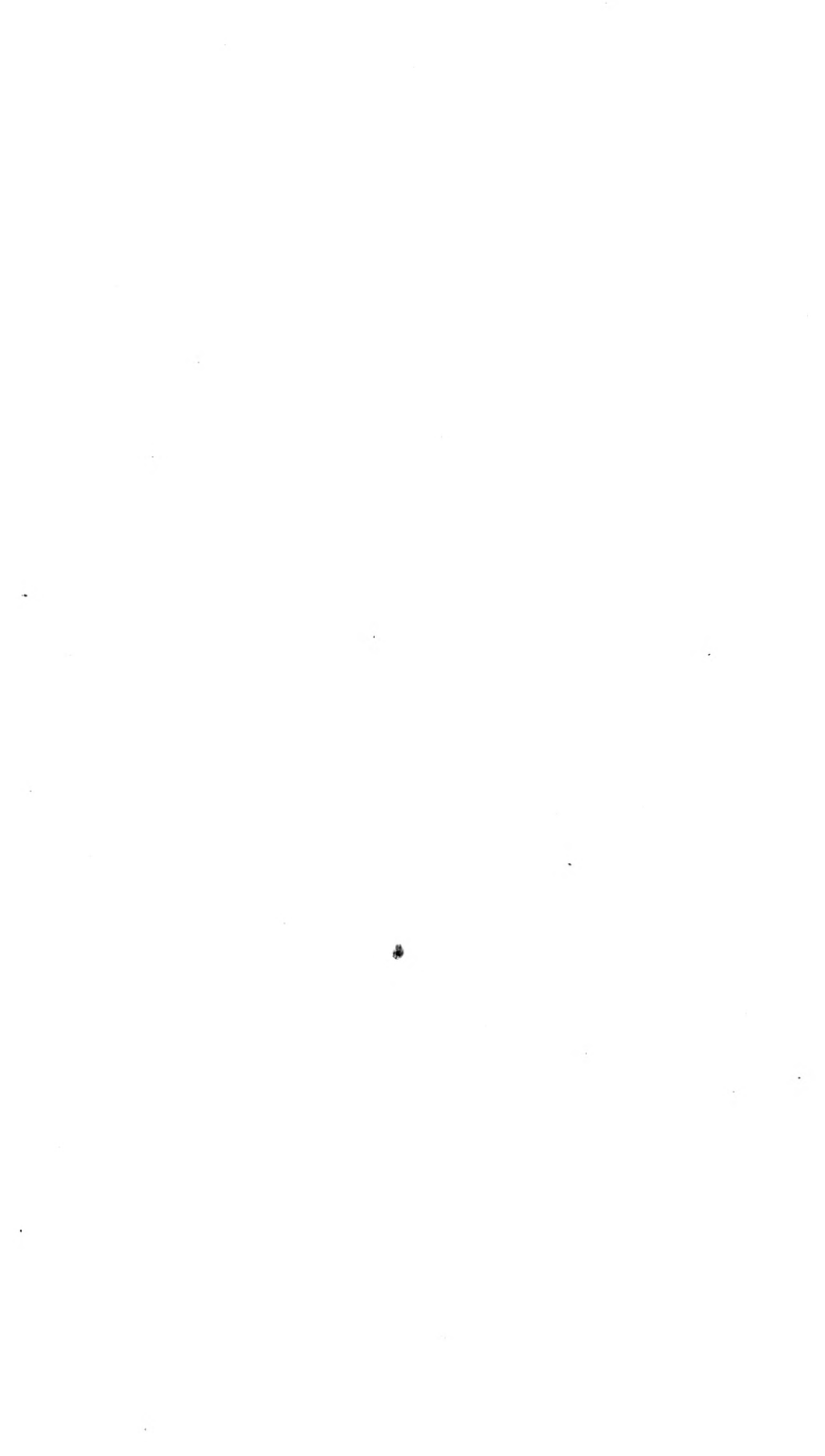








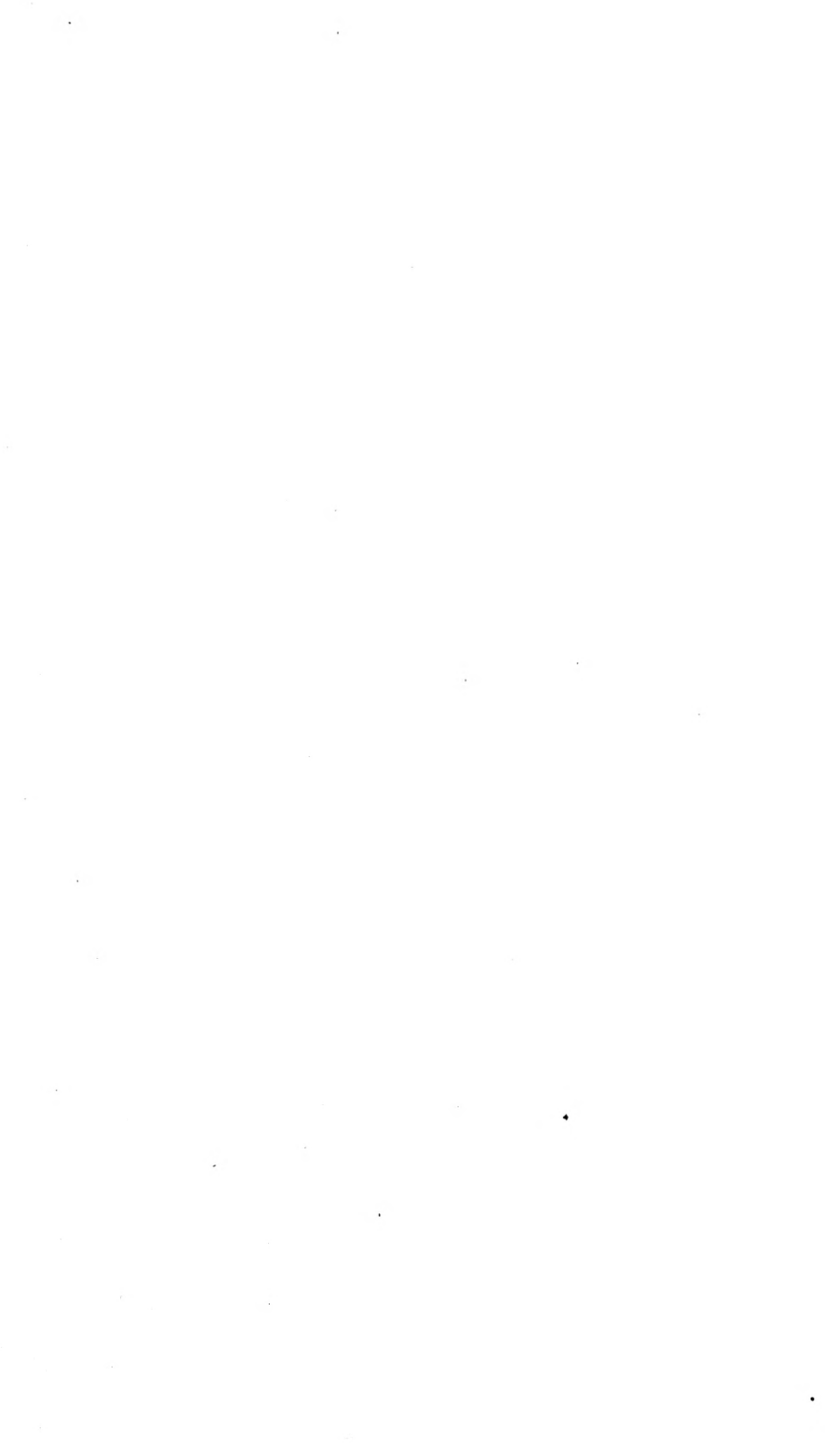


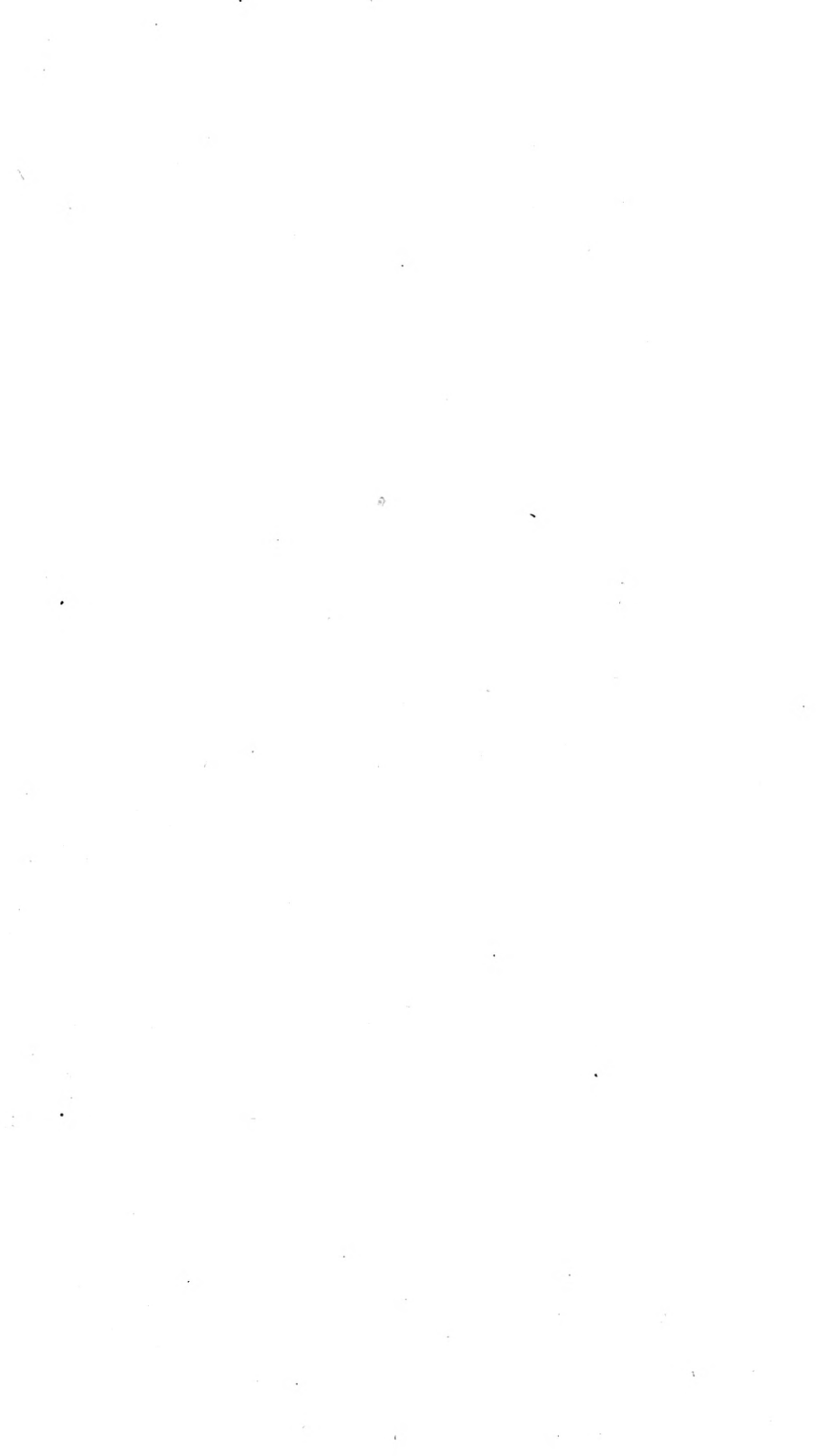












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